

The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

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THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

A SONG.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
For days and nights we've cheerless gone;
Oh! they who've felt it know how sweet,
Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is every eye,
"Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
While answering back, the sounds we hear,
"Ship ahoy! what cheer, what cheer!"

Then sails are back'd—we nearer come—
Kind words are said of friends and home;
And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again.

FANNY WILLOUGHBY.

BY WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

"—a fairy vision
Of some gay creature of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live
And play in the plighted clouds."

Milton's Comus.

I love thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And that's the why, ye see,
I woo thee, Fanny Willoughby,
And cannot let thee be;
I sing for thee, I sigh for thee,
And O! you may depend on't,
I'll weep for thee, I'll die for thee,
And that will be the end on't.

"I love thy form, I worship it—
To me it always seems,
As if it were the counterfeit
Of some I've seen in dreams;
It makes me feel as if I had
An angel by my side;
And then I think I am so bad,
You will not be my bride.

"I love the golden locks that glow
About that brow of thine;
I always thought them 'so and so,'
But now they are divine;
They're like an Alpine torrent's rush—
The finest under heaven;
They're like the bolted clouds, that flush
The sky of summer's even.

"I love thy clear and hazel eye—
They say the blue is fairer;
And I confess that formerly
I thought the blue the rarer;
But when I saw thine eye so clear,
Though perfectly at rest,
I did kneel down, and I did swear,
The hazel was the best.

"I love thy hand so pale and soft,
The which, in days 'lang syne,'
Ye, innocent as trusting, oft
Would softly clasp in mine;
I thought it sure was chiseled out
Of marble by the geniuses,
The which the poets rant about,
The virgins and the Venuses.

"I love the sounds that from thy lip
Gush holily and free,
As rills that from their caverns slip,
And prattle to the sea;
The melody for aye doth steal
To hearts by sorrow riven,
And then I think, and then I feel,
That music comes from Heaven.

"Now listen, Fanny Willoughby,
And lend your heart to pity;
I'm ruin'd, Fanny Willoughby,
Because you are so pretty;
And now if you've no mercy when
So low I sigh and sing for't,
Why I shall surely die and then,
Alas! you'll have to swing for't."

'Twas thus when love had made me mad,
For Fanny Willoughby,
I told my tale, half gay, half sad,
To Fanny Willoughby;
And Fanny look'd as maiden would,
When love her heart did burn;
And Fanny sigh'd as maiden should,
And murmur'd a return.

So woo'd I Fanny Willoughby—
A maiden like a dove;
So won I Fanny Willoughby—
The maiden of my love;
And now though mid life's cares I fret,
And she is in the sky,
I never, never can forget
Sweet Fanny Willoughby.

THE BELLMANSHIP.

A TRUE LOVE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"The course of true love never did run smooth." Didn't it? Let any man look round him for a single moment, and he will see how unfounded and absurd is this observation of Mr. William Shakspeare. Pray, what was there to hinder the equable flow of the true love of your neighbor, Mr. Bibbs, and his fat wife? Was there any objection on the part of parents!—any trouble from rivals!—or even any delay about pin-money and settlements? Not a vestige of any of these things. In the course of the accustomed number of months they were fairly and legally married, without a single ripple on the stream of their courtship, and have been a pattern-couple, without quarrels, disagreements, or misunderstandings of any kind whatever, for twenty or thirty years. But you say, perhaps, their love is not true love. Isn't it? I grant he wrote no sonnets; she never thought of suicide; he never mentioned a dagger to her in his life; and I have no reason to believe that she, even at her first ball, considered Mr. Bibbs an angel. But their love was true enough for all that—a good, solid, substantial love, fitted for all weathers, ballasted with a good deal of plain sense, and not without a glance of affectionate regard to the comforts of a well-spread table, easy-hung four-wheeled carriage, and pretty little income of eight or nine hundred a-year. This is my definition of true love. If you prefer Shakspeare's account of it, and consider no love worth having that is not accompanied with woes and accidents, quarrels among friends, and other accessories, I beg to say you have not made such use of your powers of observation as you ought to have done, or you would have found out long ago that such loves as those are never lasting. And this, I take it, is the reason that authors of novels generally close their stories with a description of the wedding. If they continued their labors, how different would be the scene! Waverley and Rose Bradwardine flying to Boulogne for debt; Henry Morton and Edith Bellenden separated from incompatibility of temper; not to mention the celebrated divorce case before the House of Lords, "Reginald Dalton v. Cyril Thornton!" Will no person of an enquiring turn of mind give us a postnuptial account of all the heroes and heroines who have excited our interest so intensely? It would put a good deal of romance to flight, and teach us the great and useful lesson, that people may be just as happily married in the good old-fashioned way—bridemaids, marriage favors, and wedding cake—as if they nearly broke their necks jumping out of up-stairs windows, and hurrying off to Gretna Green. But, mercy upon us! we have got into such a prodigious passion with love matches, and sighing, and dying, that we have forgotten the main object with which we began this paper which was to give notice to the reader that, if in this eventful history he finds difficulties thrown in the way of the hero and the heroine, he is not to imagine that those difficulties prove that their love was one whit more sincere than if all had gone "gaily as a marriage bell," from the first agony of popping the question to the last extremity of putting on the ring. No—it certainly did so happen that in this one particular instance the course of true love was occasionally somewhat rough; but it by no means follows that the roughness was the cause of the love being true, or that the truth of the love was the cause of the course of it being rough. So much for Shakspeare—and now for John Plantagenet Simpkinson.

The labors of the Statistical Society, I suppose, have left very few people in ignorance that ours is a borough town, though the inhabitants have not the inestimable privilege of hating each other on principles of the purest patriotism once every three or four years, when some soaring squire or plethoric manufacturer is ambitious of a seat in Parliament; by which peri-

phrasid I would have it understood, that we return no member, albeit we have a mayor and corporation, a town-hall and lock-up house, and other visible signs of corporate dignity.

Cast your eye, oh reader! "through the dim vista of departed years," and it is highly probable, if you look sharp, you will see a youthful couple seated under the elm-trees at the west-end of the flourishing town of Buzzleton, on the fourth day of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. I cannot take it upon me positively to affirm that the lady was "beautiful exceedingly," or that she had the slightest appearance of being a native of a "far country;" for it was impossible to suppose for a moment that those bright, cherry-looking lips, rosy-colored cheeks, and mild happy blue eyes, belonged, by possibility, to any one but a nice modest English girl of eighteen or nineteen. Nor would it be safe to delude the reader into an improper sympathy with the hero, by hinting that he had the slightest resemblance to those "whiskered pandours and those fierce hussars," who make such a tremendous sensation in novels of fashionable life. No one could ever have fancied him a Hungarian magnate, or Polish prince, or even a German baron; for the fat county of Suffolk was visible in every feature of the object of my description. A brown surcoat with black buttons, thrown loosely back, showed a considerable extent of a fancy-colored waistcoat, for the interesting individual—but why keep up a vain mystery, which the accomplished reader has penetrated long ago?—it was Simpkinson, junior, himself—in short, John Plantagenet Simpkinson, sitting *tete-à-tete* with Mary Padden—for the interesting individual—as I was going to say when this parenthesis interrupted me—rejoiced in a vast expanse of chest, of which he was a little conceited; though candour at the same time compels me to admit, that the ample "breadth and verge enough," which was so becoming, and indeed heroic, as revealed by the aforesaid fancy-colored waistcoat, extended itself considerably below the point at which it ought to have grown "fine by degrees, and beautifully less," and constituted altogether a stout, square-built young man, with every appearance of health and strength, but none of that stiff-necked noodleism which the French people and English milliners call an *air distingué*. You will perhaps ask why this jolly, good-humored looking young gentleman had such a magnificent name as Plantagenet; but I submit that that is a question more properly directed to his godfathers and godmothers than to me; but, at the same time, if you merely ask for information, and with no sinister intention, I will only mention to you that his father was the most eloquent man in our parish, and rejoiced in long words. Now, as Plantagenet is a name, you will observe, of four syllables, whereas Stubbs is only of one, you will at once see a *prima facie* reason why the royal denomination was preferred, and the name of the maternal uncle—Mr. Stubbs, the opulent brewer in Chadfield—for this occasion rejected. This is my opinion; but of course you are at liberty to devise any other reason for it that may be more agreeable to yourself.

We are not to suppose that the couple I have now introduced to you sat silent all this time, merely because I have not yet given you any account of their conversation; for it is a circumstance well known to our whole town that Miss Padden had a total aversion to the absurd doctrines of the Pythagoreans, so far as their silence was concerned, and in fact lost no opportunity of practising the divine faculty of speech. She spoke very well and prettily, and there can be no doubt that such beautiful lips and interesting blue eyes would have made very inferior language pass off for eloquence, at all events in the opinion of Mr. Simpkinson, junior.

"So you are going off to-morrow, Tadgy?" (And here, oh reader, in another parenthesis, let me call your attention to the endearing diminutive "Tadgy"—short for Plantagenet! To what vile uses may we come, Horatio?)

"Yes," said Tadgy, with a mournful shake of the head.

"Oh it must be such a pretty place that London, with Hyde Park and Almack's, and Westminster Abbey, and Madame Tussaud. How I envy you all the sights! Ain't you happy, Tadgy?"

"No," replied the youth, "I would rather stay at Buzzleton, and be near you, Polly."

"Your servant, Mister Plantagenet," said the young lady, gently withdrawing her hand from the clasp of the sentimental swain—but whether from coquetry, or propriety, or to preserve a new white kid glove, I will not undertake to determine—"I wasn't fishing for a compliment, I assure you."

"But it is no compliment, Polly—it is only the truth; and why shouldn't I be sorry to leave Buzzleton? There will be no nice walks like this, nor listening to your songs, nor talking of what's to happen."

"When?" interrupted Miss Padden.

"Why, when your father and mine think we are sensible. Now, don't pretend, Polly—for this is our last day together, and I want to hear you tell me again seriously and solemnly that you will keep constant for the two years, and marry me at the end."

"Shall we be sensible then, Tadgy?" enquired the lady, looking archly at the earnest face of her admirer.

"Father says so," was the reply, and in a tone that showed that that awful authority would have secured Mr. Plantagenet's credence to a still more wonderful event.

"We ought to be much obliged to our fathers," said the young lady, "for guaranteeing such a reformation; but, indeed, Tadgy, the chance of changing your mind is all on your side. You will see such designing people at Almack's and Vauxhall, and—"

"Never trouble yourself about designing people, dear Polly; write to me every week, and I am to come down every half year for three weeks, we shall do almost as well as if we met."

"And you will write faithfully, and think of me always?" said Mary, in a voice from which all liveliness had disappeared.

Mr. Plantagenet Simpkinson again laid his hand upon the pretty little white kid glove, which this time was not withdrawn, and looking in the sweet blue eyes which I have already mentioned, said—

"Won't I!—that's all."

Miss Padden seemed quite as satisfied with this declaration as if it had been made in the words of fire upon the bended knee; and I do not feel myself at liberty to give any account of what was said on either side for at least ten minutes. At the end of that time an individual was seen walking towards them at the other extremity of the alley.

"Here's that horrid boy, Bob," said Mary, looking somewhat displeased. "Infernal troublesome fool!" muttered Mr. Plantagenet, "I should like to kick him into the river."

CHAPTER II.

The enquiring reader is anxious to be informed who and what was Bob. Bob was Mary's younger brother, and the most disagreeable detestable boy that ever was known in Buzzleton. Those who had studied *Gulliver's Travels* called him the Yahoo; those who trusted only to their own sense of fitness in the art of nomenclature called him the Beast. But this, being a generic name, was varied by the more acute disciples of Buffon, by referring him to any particular species which appeared appropriate to his peculiar qualities—the ass, the owl, the ostrich, the baboon, and a variety of other respectable citizens of the animal kingdom, were called upon to furnish a designation for Mr. Robert Padden; and it was this amalgam of Mr. Polito's menagerie that caused such a disagreeable sensation by his appearance in the elm walk, and excited a strong inclination in the usually pacific bosom of Plantagenet to drown him in the deep waters of the Buzze. Bob, however, as if unconscious of any feelings of the kind, lounged up to where the youthful pair were seated, and, with a sulky look towards the young gentleman, enquired of his sister what she was always walking about with Tadgy Simpkinson for?

Now, this is a very embarrassing sort of question, and accordingly Miss Mary, whether from not having studied the motives of her so doing, or from not wishing to reveal them, remained silent; whereupon Mr. Simpkinson addressed the Yahoo, in a tone of voice by no means common with that good-natured individual, and said:

"Your sister has a right to please herself, I suppose."

"I s'pose she has—and she does it too," replied the agreeable youth; "I only want to know who she'll walk with next, when you're gone up to the grocer's shop in London?"

"Grocer's shop!" exclaimed Plantagenet; "It is the greatest West India house in the City."

"Well, they sell sugar, don't they?—and that's a grocer, isn't it? There's no use trying to gammon us here. You're going to be a grocer: now, the last man Mary was spoony with was something better than that, at any rate."

"What do you mean, Robert?" asked the sister.

"Why, Bob Darrell, the Chadfield doctor. You know very well; but he's married now, and so you're doing the civil to Tadgy."

"Never mind him, Mary, my dear," said Tadgy; "I don't believe a word he says. At the same time I never knew that you were acquainted with Dr. Darrell."

"I had a fever three years ago, while I was staying at your uncle Stubbs's, and he was called in."

"Yes, and nearly called out too; for young Stubbs, that's gone into the army, wanted to shoot him for being too attentive. Those doctor fellows are always squeezing hands, and clutching hold of arms; and pretend it's only feeling the pulse. I think Stubbs should have shot him."

"What for?" asked Plantagenet.

"Why, for marrying that other woman. He ought to have married Mary."

"How can you listen to such nonsense, Tadgy?" said Mary; "you know Bob's agreeable way of saying pleasant things. I assure you Dr. Darrell was only a very good and kind doctor; and if you like to believe me rather than a Bob, you will not mind anything more he says."

Plantagenet looked at the honest open countenance of his future bride, and saw that no deceit could possibly lie on those sunny cheeks, and in those clear innocent eyes; so he gave her hand a gentle squeeze, and looked with ineffable disdain on the mischievous countenance of Mister Bob.

"Well," said that gentle squire, "you needn't sit billing and cooing here all day. I'm afraid somebody may go and tell father; and I know he would be very angry if he knew you had been carrying on your rigs before the whole town. You had better come home, Mary; for, if any body does tell father, and I'm called in as a witness, I am afraid I must tell all I've seen."

"What have you seen, you insolent blockhead?" said Plantagenet, springing up.

"Oh, never mind! If you're really going to marry our Mary, it doesn't much matter. I only hope she won't be disappointed again—that's all."

"I never *was* disappointed, you idle, false-tongued, intolerable wretch!" exclaimed Mary, the tears of anger and vexation springing into her eyes.

"Weren't you?" replied the benevolent brother; "then that's a pleasure to come; for you may depend upon it, when Tadgy rises to be a grocer on his own account, he'll forget you as easily as Doctor Darrell."

The speaker came more abruptly to a close than was his custom, for he saw something so peculiar in the flashing eyes and swelling chest of Plantagenet, that he thought it better to decamp at once. He accordingly strolled off in the same listless manner in which he had made his approach; and the lovers felt as if relieved from some horrible oppression, when they saw the long figure of the overgrown Yahoo, with his coat a mile too large for his thin body, and his trousers a mile too short for his long legs, thereby revealing nearly the whole extent of his Wellington's, slowly disappear at the turning of the elm walk.

"Thank heaven I have not shoved him into the water!" was the pious exclamation of Plantagenet, when he found that, for this occasion, he was free from the guilt of murder.

"I can't understand what pleasure the boy can have in saying disagreeable things, and in inventing such abominable stories," was the contemporaneous observation of his sister.

And hereupon followed a full explanation of all the incidents that the Yahoo, either then or at any former time, had alluded to; and, as usually happens in affairs of that kind, both parties felt that the attempt of Mr. Bob to sow dissension, had had the very opposite effect, by giving an opening to a more full and free communication than could have been found under any other circumstances.

On getting up to go home, it might have been remarked by those who are superstitiously inclined, that the first object that presented itself to the

eyes of the lovers, was an enormous placard on a man's back, containing in letters at least three inches long, the words "Tapps for Bellman;" and in smaller letters, "come to the poll on Tuesday the eleventh." I do not know whether any thrill of sympathetic horror rushed through the hearts of Mary and her admirer on seeing those appalling words; but it is highly probable, if they had foreseen all the misfortunes that those large red letters gave rise to, they would have wished that the father of Mr. Tapps the candidate had died in his infancy, or that Tapps himself had been run over by the Manchester and Liverpool train. I have no reason to suppose, however, that any of those aspirations with regard to Mr. Tapps or his father were uttered by either of our friends; so I will not detain the reader any longer, but inform him that, with a heavy heart, a large trunk, and two carpet-bags, Plantagenet Simpkinson took his departure from Buzzleton on the following day, and in due course of time arrived at his destination in the city. And there, for a short space, I leave him to his invoices and bills of lading—his three-legged stool, and his letter once a-week to the true-hearted Mary Padden.

I don't believe that there ever was a man who was a great orator, or a great poet, or a great any thing, (except perhaps a great ass,) without knowing it. There never was such a thing as a mute inglorious Milton, a dumb Demosthenes, or a blind Thomson of Duddingstone. It is therefore not to be supposed that Mr. Simpkinson, senior, was ignorant of his own powers; so far from it, indeed, that I have even heard it hinted, that, if it were possible, he overrated them; but this, even if it were true, is a very venial fault, for it is surely much better to be a little anxious to discover and dwell upon modest merits, wherever they are found, whether in one's self or in others, than to deny or undervalue them. There were few things in which Mr. Simpkinson found himself deficient:—history, theology, architecture, sporting, politics, business, or accomplishments, were equally at his finger-ends; but his forte, as I have already hinted in my attempt to explain the reason of his calling his son Plantagenet instead of Stubbs, was decidedly oratory. He was oratorical at breakfast, at dinner, in the news-room, in buying a pound of snuff, in ordering a pair of trowsers. In fact, he was altogether an orator; and you could no more have stood five minutes under an archway with him than with Edmund Burke, without discovering that he was an extraordinary man. Mr. Simpkinson was of no profession: it was hinted he was sleeping partner in the Chadfield clothmills, and also that he had a share in Stubb's brewery; but whether he had entered into any of those speculations or not, does not materially concern any body but himself. Mr. Padden also lived, as the phrase has it, on his means—a plain man, without much affectation, except an affectation of knowing whether any thing was "gentlemanly" or not,—a sort of provincial Chesterfield, who forgave any thing, however wrong—murder itself, I believe—provided it were done in a gentlemanly manner. His origin, like that of the Guelph family, was unknown. He maintained a strict silence, as indeed you find is done by all the real aristocracy, on the subject of his ancient descent, and even on the inferior point of the achievements of his former days; but people in our town suspected, from an almost superhuman knowledge he displayed about ribbons and sarsenets, that he must have come from Coventry. This suspicion had been hinted to him by one or two of his acquaintance; but he showed so much touchiness and irritability on the subject, that few people would have ventured to renew the insinuation. This, I grant, is a very meagre account of our two chief inhabitants; but I hope any deficiency in exactness or resemblance will be supplied in the next edition of Lord Brougham's sketches of distinguished characters in the reigns of the two last Georges. Therein also, let it be permitted me to hope, that Tapps will not be forgotten.

On the eventful Tuesday the eleventh, the whole town rushed distracted to the town-hall: Tapps on the one side of the chair, Hicks the rival candidate on the other; the mayor between the two, looking as like as he could to Hercules between vice and virtue; the expectant faces of the assemblage—for it was rumored that Mr. Simpkinson would speak—these, with the inferior accessories of clerks at the table, and the widow of the deceased Bellman in the foreground, bearing the badge of her late husband's office, during this momentous interregnum formed a subject which I feel surprised has not yet been seized upon by Hayter or Wilkie. A bustle is heard in the middle of the hall—an arm bearing aloft a best white beaver, waves impatiently forward to the chair—a way is made, and Mr. Padden mounts the steps, and turns towards the audience as if in act to speak. He speaks, he swells, he waves his hand, he thumps the table. Oh heavens! oh earth! oh sea! he concludes a powerful harangue by proposing Hicks! What! Padden propose Hicks—when he knew—when all Buzzleton—when all England knew, that Simpkinson supported Tapps! Astonishment kept the whole assembly silent for a space, which was only interrupted by the short proud cough with which the orator cleared his throat. His throat was at last cleared; he stood forward a little, and, beginning in a low tone of voice, he worked himself into a paroxysm of eloquence; then sinking his tone again, went through the whole compass of his wonderful voice, fleecing, praying, roaring, bullying, scolding, stamping, and thumping, sometimes the little table, sometimes one hand against the other, till it was impossible not to believe that he was Demosthenes, and was speaking Greek. I have every reason to believe, that what he did say was, in fact, as good every bit as that illustrious language to the greater part of his auditory. "When I reflect," he said, "on the momentaneous interests for which we are here dissembled, I feel that in this question is evolved, not the mere office of bellman, high and honorable as that office is, but the glory, the might, the power and independence of the rate-payers of Buzzleton. What! are we to cringe to a divaricated hallucination? Are we to bend ourselves at the shrine of a deplored hallucination, and yield intense submission to the dictates of an anathematized hyperbole? Perish the thought! Tapps, and no other—no Hicks—creeping through existence under the adumbrated essence of metaphorical seclusion!—no Hicks—bearing aloft in one hand the embodied ingenuity of detroned volocity; and, in the other, the faded majesty of meretricious susceptibility—no Hicks, with the tiger eyes of humanity breathing forth the condensed malignity of atrocious horror!—Tapps! Tapps only, shall be bellman of this town!"—[great cheers.]

But it is impossible to report the speech as it deserves, and therefore, as I recollect reading in some book of criticism, that the great art of elevat-

ing one's hero, consists not in mere description, but in representing the effects produced by him upon others, I shall proceed to the next morning, namely Wednesday the 12th, when the following correspondence took place.

CHAPTER III.

But here, before entering on this disagreeable portion of my task, I cannot forbear venting a few sighs over the uncertainty of friendship. A chain that it has taken years to rivet, may be puffed in fifty pieces by a few syllables;—in that respect resembling the knot which jugglers tie upon a handkerchief, apparently strong enough to hang the most determined and fattest of suicides, but which, by being simply blown upon, untwines itself in an instant, and leaves not a vestige of its having ever been tied. Oh juggler's knot! oh friendship! (not to continue the interjections, and say) oh love! you ought all three to be ashamed of yourselves, and not be blown aside by a few puffs of wind, whether those puffs are mere inarticulate blowings, such as those with which, in my impatient youth, I used to cool my pudding, or form themselves into words and syllable men's names. Who could have thought that a friendship of twenty years could have been dissolved by such a very inconsiderable event as the election of John Tapps to the bellmanship of Buzzleton? Yet, so it was; and the volcano that smouldered in the bosom of Mr. Padden was blown up to explosive heat, and astounded our peaceful town with a prodigious eruption, in the manner I now proceed to relate.

On the evening of Tuesday, our amiable friend Bob waited impatiently for the return of his father, when that gentleman at last made his appearance, looking somewhat discomfited by the defeat of his candidate.

"Ha!" said the tender-hearted Robert, "I knew how it would be! I see by your face Hicks has won."

"By no means, Robert, he has been defeated; but remember, Robert, the word, ha, is a very ungentlemanly word—very ungentlemanly indeed. I never say ha!"

"What! Tapps made bellman? Never heard of such a thing; but no wonder, old Simpkinson has it all his own way. We must all yield, I s'pose, and be called whatever names he likes to call us."

"Calling names is very ungentlemanly; I never call names. Who calls any body names?"

"Why, old Simpkinson to be sure. He laid 'em on pretty thick. I've heard all about it, though I wasn't there."

"Do you allude to any thing he said to-day?"

"To be sure I do; and every day, I s'pose. When one has such a tidy little stock of nicknames, I s'pose he don't grudge 'em to his friends."

"Do you mean to say Mr. Simpkinson was a *o u* gentlemanly, so very ungentlemanly, as to insinuate any personal allusion to me?"

"Don't I! Who do you think he meant by all that *rigmarole* about parabolas, and hallucinations, and tiger's eyes? Your eyes, you know, father, are nothing to boast of; but, if I were in your shoes, I would let nobody talk of tiger's eyes—be hanged if I would!" And with this magnanimous declaration, Mr. Robert swung out of the room. And now, oh reader! begins the correspondence.

No. 1.

"Mr. Padden sends compliments to Mr. Simpkinson—would feel obliged by explanation of following passage in Mr. S.'s speech of yesterday, viz., 'Cringe to prevaricated allucination, and bend at shrine of deaf logistical parabola, and yield submission to an anatomized hyperbole.' Also, farther on, what was Mr. S.'s intention in allusion to tiger's eyes? An early answer will be an obligation."

"High St., Wednesday 12th."

No. 2.

"Sir,—In allusion to the document forwarded to me by the hand of Bob, your son, touching certain impressions detained in my speech of yesterday, on the subject of Tapps's elevation to the bellmanship of this highly civilized and indiginous community, I beg to demand on what grounds you implicate the sensibility of my remarks, and repudiate, with disgust and obduracy, the language and contorted epitaphs which you charge me with having employed. Sir, in the sacred discharge of a duty, I scorn the most venerable asseverations, and cast to the idolatrous winds every consideration but the high and paramount necessity of holding equal the balance between justice and iniquity! Yes, this through life has been my maximum; and this course I mean to pursue, undeteriorated from the right path by all the eccentricities of decorum, and all the sinuosities of acumen. With this explanation, which I hope will be deemed satisfactory, I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

J. SIMPKINSON."

No. 3.

"Mr. Padden again sends compliments to Mr. Simpkinson, and wishes a direct answer. Did you, sir, mean to call me a parabola, &c.? So no more at present, but remains"

No. 4.

"Sir,—I stand on my right as a public man. I throw myself before the tribunal of my country, and assert the privilege of a speaker, on a great public occasion, to say what he chooses, without being called upon for his meaning. Sir, oratory would be at an end, if its best prerogative were trampled under foot. To no one will I be answerable but to my own conscience; that minotaur, whose voice I ever obey; and therefore, sir, in this concatenation of affairs, and refusing this allegorical mode of questioning, I decline telling whether I meant to designate you as a parabola or not. With these sentiments, I inscribe myself your humble servant,

J. SIMPKINSON."

No. 5.

"Sir,—I must say your conduct is very ungentlemanly—very ungentlemanly indeed: and I must decline the honor of your society at dinner on Friday. Also, your son Plantagenet need not renew his correspondence with my daughter, especially as he has frequently neglected to pay the post. So no more, but remains your humble servant,

J. PADDEN."

Friday came—no dinner-party. Saturday came—no letter from young Plantagenet: Bob looking pleased as Punch, Mary drooping and distressed; the two old men fidgety, and London, in the bleared eyes of the

young lover, a desolate wilderness: and all owing to Tapps's election to the bellmanship. What great events from trivial causes spring!

It was two months after these melancholy events—that is to say, when August had first furtively begun to dip his brush into the pallet of November, and had already tinged the leaves of the elm walk of Buzzleton with the faintest possible tinge of yellow—on the twentieth day of August, 1837, a young lady was taking a disconsolate walk by the side of our beautiful river—pretty foot, plump figure, gentle eyes,—by George! It could be nobody else but Mary Padden! And Mary Padden it was. Not far from her, but sulkily stalking along on the outer row of trees, was the illustrious Bob. It is no wonder, therefore, that Mary looked disconsolate. The Yahoo, as if for the convenience of any of the passers-by, who were not entirely deaf, took care, by retaining his distant position, to force the conversation into a very audible pitch—a conversation, by-the-bye, in which he bore the principal part, Mary's portion of it being extremely monosyllabic.

"Why, Mary you are certainly the unluckiest gal I ever saw. Tadgy is a deuce sight worse than Dr. Darrell. He's to be married, they say, next week."

A start; and, if the brute had seen it, a flush of crimson, succeeded by a deadly paleness, showed that the arrow had struck; but she said nothing.

"You don't seem to hear what I said, Mary. I was telling you that Tadgy!"

"I heard you, Robert; don't talk so loud; every body will hear you."

"Well, every body has heard it already, I s'pose. Sukey has ordered such lots of dresses—five-and twenty bandboxes, with a bonnet, they say, in each of them, from Madame La Plume, the French milliner at Chadfield. Five-and-twenty bonnets!—think of that, Mary!"

Mary did not think at all on the subject, but, summoning up a little courage enquired who Sukey was.

"Sukey Stubbs, to be sure, his own cousin. You know very well. His father has forced the match, they say, but I daresay Tadgy was glad enough. He'll leave the grocery business in London, and settle down in Chadfield: I say, rare fun, won't it be, for him and Dr. Darrell to live, perhaps, next door to each other! The two deceivers."

Mary deigned no reply, and our friend, the Yahoo, seemed meditating some other agreeable subject of conversation. Suddenly he burst out, as he perceived certain figures advancing down the walk.

"Crikey! here's a lark! Blowed if old Simpkin's'n himself and Sukey ain't coming down the long walk—and, by Jingo!" he added in a still louder voice, "there comes Tadgy himself, creeping after 'em as if his nose were bleeding."

Before the elegant youth had found time for more exclamations, a hand was laid on his shoulder—

"Go home, Robert," said his father, for it was the old gentleman who addressed him; "don't speak so loud on the public walk—I fear your impetuous courage will lead you to do something ungentlemanly, if I am insulted by those people. Mary, take my arm, look away, and pass on as if you never saw them."

In the mean time a conversation of much the same kind, though contained in rather finer language, took place between the orator and his son, Plantagenet. But when the parties actually came near, though each father kept tight hold of his off-spring's arm, and carried his own head prodigiously elevated, it was impossible for either of the young people to look as they had been directed, and their eyes for a moment, but only a moment, met. A moment is a century on some occasions. That single glance showed that, however Capulet and Montagu might storm, Romeo was still Romeo, and Juliet Juliet. Tadgy's blue coat looked rather large for him, whether it had been originally manufactured with an eye to the possibility of his getting more expanded, or that grief and sorrow had worn him away;—and his fine jolly countenance seemed in the anxious eyes of Mary to wear a far more unhealthy hue than formerly. But, however these matters might be, she felt satisfied that Sukey had no place in Tadgy's thoughts, and was even rejoiced at the looseness of the coat, and paleness of the cheek. With no outward recognition—with heads stuck high in the air, and backs unbent as Maypoles, the fathers strutted on—the parties pursued their respective ways, the meeting had taken place, and each progenitor felt mightily elated that his quarrel had been taken up by their own flesh and blood, without giving themselves a moment's time to reflect that two young people were, perhaps, sacrificing the happiness of their lifetime, because two old blockheads chose to play the fool.

As the distance grew gradually between the parties, Mr. Simpkinson relaxed his hold of Tadgy's arm; and that gentleman, finding himself at liberty, slunk cautiously behind. He suddenly bolted over the little walk to the water side where he had seen the Yahoo, who had been watching all those operations from one of the benches.

"Robert," he said, "by all that's good and kind, do me just a little favor. Tell Mary I shall be here to-night at nine o'clock. She can easily come this way home from her aunt Margaret's where she can go to tea. Do, be a good-hearted fellow, and tell her. I have much to say, and daren't stop a moment."

"Wont I!" said the good-natured Robert; but, on looking round, his suppliant had hurried off and rejoined the party. "Wont I!—my fine Tadgy!—That I will—why, Tadgy has it all so pat, nothing can be so convenient. Wont I have some fun out of all this! Let me see how I can manage." And leaving the Yahoo in the midst of his, no doubt, benevolent meditations, I close this chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunt Margaret's tea-table had never appeared so tiresome in the eyes of Mary Padden. The old lady's anecdotes seemed to have grown more preternaturally long than usual; the time between the cups more prolonged, and the dial hand of the chimney-piece clock absolutely paralyzed. Not that Mary was dying of actual impatience to meet my good friend Plantagenet: I will venture to say she would have survived her disappointment if the meeting had been put off till that day month; but she felt in the uncomfortable state we may suppose some criminal to be in, when he is anxious for the time of his uncertainty to be over. But in addition to

this, she could not help having a vague suspicion that all was not right with her new found confidant, the Yahoo; for that individual had not been quite able to conceal the existence of something or other more than he had told her. He had also promised to call for her, and conduct her through the elm walk; and amid Mary's wonderings and speculations, and in her present state of uncertainty, it is not very surprising that Aunt Margaret thought her a very disagreeable visitor, and even had some slight idea of altering her will. At the appointed time, however, the Yahoo appeared, and after a few delicate insinuations against old maids, (for the edification of Aunt Margaret,) marched off his sister, to the mutual relief of the aunt and niece.

"Wrap yourself well up, Mary," he said, "the night is very cold and dark. Here, take old auntie's bonnet and pelisse; what a fool you are to come out with a bare head, and no cloak."

"You are very kind, Robert," answered the sister, astonished no less than pleased at the affectionate solicitude of her brother. "I shall not forget how good you have been."

"I daresay you wont," muttered the youth, "nor Tadgy either, if I mistake not; but come along, stuff your little feet into Aunt Margaret's pattens, for it has rained very lately, take my arm; forward, march!"

In the meantime a solitary figure was pacing impatiently up and down the middle walk. As the hour of nine approached, he seemed more and more impatient; the walk, partly from the cloudiness of the evening, and partly from the umbrageousness of the foliage, was nearly dark, and in vain he strained his eyes in the direction of Aunt Margaret's, to catch a glimpse of any one approaching. He stood still, and listened; at last he thought he heard a distant sound of footsteps, and hastily retreated to the little beach, surrounded with bushes, and facing the river. "What a good fellow," he muttered half aloud, "that horrid Yahoo has turned. It was so good in him to recommend me dressing in my father's clothes, gaiters, shoes, and all, besides his broad hat and spectacles. Even if Mary is seen with a man, people can't say anything when they think it is my father; and, besides it is impossible for him to hear of my having met with her, as I defy any one to swear to my identity in these clothes."

"Here we are," said Bob at this moment, "never mind the bonnet, 'tis Mary, I assure you. I will go and keep guard, but don't be long."

Mr. Bob then walked directly towards the biggest tree in our parish, which is called the Pilgrim's Elm, and is not above fifty yards south of the resting-place of the lovers. Hidden from observation, even if it had been daylight, behind its gigantic trunk stood no other than Mr. Padden himself.

"You see if all I say aint true, father," said the son; "you go and watch them—such billing and cooing never was—disgraceful! phugh!"

The old gentleman said nothing, but stole quietly to the south end of the little clump of bushes, from which he could catch dim glimpses of human figures, and hear indistinct murmurs of human voices. The conversation between the lovers, as indeed I believe is fitting on such occasions, was carried on in a tone which would scarcely have reached an ear placed nearer to them than that of Mr. Padden. A very short time sufficed to explain to each other their sorrow at the disagreement of their fathers; and, as I do not pretend to paint Mary as altogether perfect, I will not deny that she made enquiries about Sukey Stubbs, though she felt convinced without Plantagenet's assertions, that there was no real ground for the report. When Tadgy had told her that such an idea had never entered into any body's head, and was a vile creation of Master Bob's malice, Mary could not refrain from raising her voice a little, while she said,

"My brother is certainly the most spiteful and malicious wretch in all the world!"

"A good thrashing would do him no harm," was the rejoinder of Plantagenet, in the same tone.

"You old abominable flirt!" thought Mr. Padden, before whose eyes floated indistinctly the cloak and bonnet of his sister, Aunt Margaret; "and you, you old debauchee," turning his look on the peculiar hat and long-backed coat of his antagonist, Mr. Simpkinson—"I'll work you both for this. I'll expose them both, if Margaret had ten times five thousand pounds. Malicious wretch! thrashing indeed! most ungentlemanly language! very."

The old gentleman, however, managed to restrain his wrath within peaceable bounds, and strained every nerve to catch some more of the conversation. But it appears to have sunk into quieter channels, and glided at its own sweet will from the past to the future, and, indeed, through all the tenses of the verb *amare*.

"Come, now, I must go," said Mary, "'tis getting late."

"Not yet, my dear girl, we may not meet again for a long time;" and while Mary rose to go, and Tadgy argued to detain her, I will not undertake to swear that the broad hat of the gentleman did not lift up the front of the straw bonnet in a very peculiar fashion.

"Kissed her, by all that's beastly!" ejaculated Mr. Padden, as he hurried round the clump to confront them as they emerged into the middle walk—"If he isn't a parabola, and an allucination too, or something worse, if any thing can be worse, I'm no gentleman, that's all."

As he rushed to the north end of the bushes, he came suddenly on the object of his search, but Mary had disappeared. Mr. Simpkinson had his mouth apparently so filled with big words, that they tumbled and jostled over each other in their effort to escape.

"Sir," he began, "in all my experience of the subtleties of private conspiracy and rebellion, this is the grand climacteric and apex. Here have I been listening to the plans of your daughter, who is deluding my son."

"My daughter!" broke in Mr. Padden, "your son, sir! My sister you mean, and yourself—most ungentlemanly behaviour! Haven't I seen you with my own eyes, salute that foolish old woman, for the sake of her five thousand pounds in the four per cents—haven't I heard you say that a thrashing, sir—a thrashing would do me good; your conduct is ungentlemanly, sir—very ungentlemanly indeed!"

"What do you mean, sir, you hypercritical paradigma? hasn't your own son, Robert, told me the whole plot; that you told your daughter to disguise herself like her aunt, to have the opportunity of meeting John Plantagenet Simpkinson, my son? Haven't I seen their meeting? I pause for a reply!"

"This won't do with me, Mr. Simpkinson, nor with any gentleman."

There is no mistaking your hat and coat—nor poor sister Margaret's cloak and bonnet; and, as her nearest relation, I shall see that she is not trifled with—good night, sir."

"By no means, sir," exclaimed the orator, "this is a point involving gigantic considerations of preponderance and importance. Your daughter has inveigled my son to this candlestick meeting, and you now cast the iniquity upon me. You shall account for this before we part."

A low whistle at this instant hindered the two chief inhabitants of Buzleton from giving each other a bloody nose; for no sooner was the whistle heard than the *fons et origo mali*, the identical Mr. Tapps, the bellman, assisted by his former rival, Mr. Hicks, who, by way of a compensation, had been made supernumerary constable, rushed forward on the belligerents, and arrested them, informing them, at the same time, that his worship the mayor had received information from Mr. Robert Padden of their intention to fight a duel.

Here was confusion worse confounded!—Our two dignitaries to be marched in charge of the authorities to his worship's house, and thence, after examination, to be either bound over to keep the peace, or consigned to the cage! Mutual danger smoothed the way in a great measure to a mutual accommodation, and when at last our magnates appeared in the mayor's parlour, they seemed to have almost renewed their ancient friendship. The eloquence of Mr. Simpkinson had seldom shone so much as in his explanation to the mayor of all the circumstances of the case; but that official being perhaps not so deeply read in Cicero as was becoming for so high an officer, professed himself totally at a loss to comprehend one syllable of the whole transaction. Under these circumstances, he judged it best to send for all the parties implicated, and after the lapse of a few minutes, all had obeyed his summons, with the exception of the Yahoo. Mr. Plantagenet, on parting from Mary, had returned to the walk, and, having nothing better to do, had carried into execution his long cherished resolution of thrashing that unfortunate victim to his heart's content; an operation for which it is highly probable he could not have had a better opportunity if he had waited a century; for our whole civic force was occupied guarding the prisoners at the mayor's, and the night was dark, and the walk deserted.

It may be observed, as an illustration of the certainty of retribution even in this world, that when the party assembled at the mayor's discovered the cause of Mr. Bob's absence; the justice of the treatment he had experienced, struck every one as so exemplary, that, in fact, it acted as a bond of union between the Montagus and Capulets, and rose in the eyes of the indignant Mr. Simpkinson to the dignity of a providential dispensation. All things were easily explained—the orator went even so far as to withdraw the expressions parabola and hallucination, and Mr. Padden professed himself perfectly satisfied with so gentlemanly a proceeding.

That night there was a jolly supper at Mr. Simpkinson's house—a supper, I am bound to observe, where the jokes that took place about the mistakes caused by that eloquent individual's coat and hat, and Aunt Margaret's cloak and bonnet, bade fair to produce a realization of a connexion between those useful articles of apparel. Mr. Padden looked a little alarmed; but the fit passed off, Mr. Simpkinson is still one great man and unmarried. The Yahoo has been a settler in Australia for a year; and the christening of John Plantagenet Simpkinson, junior, took place about six months since. Our friend Taddy has retired from London, and, with his wife, resides alternately with the two sires. He is churchwarden, and holds two or three offices besides; for now that the two families are united, they make one parish in a regular pocket borough. No other interest can resist them, so that one of the morals to be derived from this story is, that division is weakness, and union strength.

CANOVA.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AMATEUR.

Lord Byron, with his wonted inconsistency, whilst he was sitting for his bust to Thorwaldsen, could say of his rival,

"What Phidias was of old, Canova is to-day."

Mutato numine! Had he thus written of Flaxman, there might have been some truth in the comparison and justice in the remark; but Flaxman had the misfortune to be born an Englishman, and was hence doomed in the early part of his life to toil for a pottery; to support himself at Rome by making guinea designs; and to spend the remainder of his days in modelling busts for the illustrious obscure, or monuments of which we have hardly an engraving; whilst riches and distinctions, titles and honors, little short of those paid to the divine Raphael, were the portion of the more fortunate and inferiorly gifted Italian.

There are some whose visual organs perceive objects less distinctly and justly near than at a distance. It is thus with my memory; for though many years have elapsed since I visited Rome, Canova's studio, his dazzling casts, the very arrangement of them in his galleries, nay more, the magician and creator of this world of beauty, came back upon my mind in forms so palpable, so like reality, that in the figurative language of Dante, "I see them there."

In the spring of 1821, the time of which I am speaking, it would have been considered little short of sacrilege to have doubted the infallibility of Canova, or the faultlessness of any work of his; a pilgrim to Delphi might as well have denied the divinity of Apollo in the zenith of his power. But, as the Greek tragedian says of prosperity, "Call no man happy till the hour of his death;" thus we may say of fame, call no man great till he has seen the grave. The moral, you will say, should have come at the end of the chapter. Well!

One day, after worshipping the divinities of his temple, and holding *muto parlare* with his "Napoleon," I entered a room where I found myself with the Pygmalion himself, whom, though I had never before seen, I had no difficulty in discovering to be Canova. Like Flaxman, he was

* Lord Byron told me that the line originally stood thus, but that he afterwards altered it to

"Such as the great of old," &c.

rather below the common height; his figure slight and attenuated, as I judged from his appearance, more by severe mental labours than constitutional ill health. His mild and intelligent countenance had a defined and handsome Italian outline, and made, as may be seen by his own bust, an admirable profile.

His eyes were deeply sunk under his projecting brows, but within their sockets beamed the light of genius; and his high and scarcely wrinkled forehead was the seat of an elegant rather than a profound mind.

There was a simplicity in his manners, an expression of placidity in his features, and a gentle courteousness in his address, which contrasted forcibly with the companions, "Mars" and "Venus," with whom he was engaged. He soon discovered by my accent that I was an Englishman, and fell freely into conversation, having for that purpose discontinued the use of his chisel and mallet which he continued to hold. The group was in a great state of forwardness; so much so, that it hardly seemed to require the last touch he was giving to the face of "Venus" as I entered.

"This," said he, "is a commission of George the Fourth; and I fear he will be disappointed when he sees these unfortunate stains in the marble, which I had hoped would have turned out a more beautiful block." I asked him how he accounted for the Greek statues which have come down to us being so blemishless. He replied, "That do butless those sculptors who made immortality the end and aim of their labours, condemned to destruction all works, however advanced, in which such disfigurements shewed themselves."

I put a question to him, Whether he thought the female form had degenerated since the golden days of Athens, or if he imagined that Greece possessed better models than we barbarians could boast of! He replied, "That he had sitters, one especially, who had defied his utmost efforts to rival her charms," adding, "that she sate to him solely from her enthusiasm for the art." You, as an Englishman, will smile perhaps when I tell you she was perfectly modest.

I spoke to him of the Princess Borghese, then resident in Rome. Her beauty was also perfect—most classical—that she was matchless in face and figure. I told him I had seen a cast of her at Venice.

"Casts," he observed, "do well for second-rate things, but ideal beauty defies them. Who ever saw a cast of the 'Venus of the Tribune,' or 'Apollo of the Vatican,' that gave him the least conception of the originals! What a handsome family those Buonapartes! They shew their Greek origin. You have seen my 'Napoleon'?"

"Yes," I replied, "I saw Napoleon himself at St. Helena, in 1813; but I should never have recognised his likeness in your statue."

"No," said he, "Napoleon of 1803 and 1818 were different persons."

He here asked me several questions about the island, &c., which would be irrelevant here.

I expressed strongly my admiration of his "Madame Mère." "She is like a Roman matron—the mother of an emperor," said Canova. I told him that, on looking at her, I could not help thinking of an anecdote, told me the day before, of a Frenchman, who, from curiosity, had intruded himself into her palace, and the very room where she was seated, as might be her statue; that she got up at his entrance, and shocked at his rudeness, said, "Monsieur, je suis la Mère de Napoleon." I should not like to have been the offender; it must have acted on him like a cannon ball.

Canova now resumed his labour, which I thought a hint to leave him; but he said, "Resta, resta! you do not interrupt me. My brother often reads to me when I am at work, and I like to converse with foreigners who are fond of the *belle arte*. Pliny," said he, "*was nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*. I am, on the other hand, never less alone than when in company. It does not derange my ideas. I never refuse myself to any one, particularly just now; for I am soon to part with my friends here (speaking of the groups). But I perceive you are cold (his studio was a mere barn, and he had no fire); I have nothing on, you see, but a thin jacket, and yet my work warms me."

"Yes," said I, "you have a mental fire, a Promethean heat, that I have not."

He smiled, and asked me what I thought of the group. I dared not tell him my opinion. It seemed to me the worst of all his compositions, and the subject the worst chosen. What interest can be excited by the parting of a god and goddess? I cannot conceive the perturbation of human passion in divine forms, much less enter into the regrets of Venus at quitting one who could be exposed to no danger, subject to no vicissitudes of fortune, in going forth to battle. Though perhaps the authority of Homer is against his invulnerability, Venus herself could not have anticipated it. I told Canova, however, that I liked this the least of all his Venuses; that I found her too mature, too much *emboupoint*; that she had more of the voluptuous graces of his "Pitti Venus." He owned that he had sacrificed something to what he thought would be to the taste of his majesty; that I must remember she was not an Anadyomene but a Genetrix, as was indeed the recumbent one also in the possession of the king, with the Cupid playing about her. Mr. Hope's was of another order of forms. I remarked, that I considered that his classical *chef-d'œuvre*.

He told me he was surprised at the Anglomania of employing Roman sculptors, when we had Flaxman at home. He got down from his pedestal, and spoke for some minutes enthusiastically of his "Designs from Homer and Æschylus."

* The same story is told of Lady Hamilton. Perhaps Canova alluded to her, or to the Princess Pauline. It must be remembered, that Sir William Hamilton was an early patron to Canova.

Her Ladyship told me, when a boy, that an arm of a Venus, found at Pompeii, was one day brought to him for sale; and that, in the midst of a large party, he made her uncover hers to be compared with the antique.

Her statue was not at that time allowed to be seen, owing to a prohibition of the Prince Borghese. A nephew of hers, to whom she was accustomed to accord the *entrée* in the Roman fashion, in bed, asked her, when I was in Rome, to shew him her statue. Putting her little foot out of the clothes, she said, "You may judge of it by that."

† Of all the Venuses of antiquity, the aphrodite of Alcamenes, lifting with both hands her hair got wet with the bath, comes nearest to my ideas of perfection.

This tribute, coming from Canova, inspired me with a high sense of his genius (modesty being its greatest concomitant), and I could not help admiring the freedom from envy, so uncommon among artists, that dictated this eulogium. I told him the opinion was that Flaxman could not execute. He thought that must be a mistake, and mentioned that the works he finished at Rome were of great promise and fine execution, particularly his "Cephalus and Aurora."

Canova now resumed his work. I objected to Mars, otherwise unarmed, being helmeted. He replied that there was classical authority for the practice, that it helped to tell the story; and that in their days such an accessory was necessary for that purpose. I could have found fault also with the low tiara of Venus, or her having a tiara at all. I thought the one she had gave a meanness to the figure, but I did not communicate my thought.

He asked me what galleries I had lately been visiting. I said I had just been to visit the *Ægina* marbles, which all Rome was then running to see, at Thorwaldsen's; where they were restoring, I think, for the King of Bavaria. Canova thought they marked an intermediate period between the Egyptian and Grecian schools. That they were scarcely later than *Dædalus*. That they were to be prized more as antiques, and for marking the progress of the art, than as perfect works or models for the young artist. I did not wonder at such an opinion coming from Canova, whose taste was diametrically opposed to the simplicity of those remarkable sculptors. I told him I had also been to the Justiniani, and thought the "Paris" there, which nobody spoke of, one of the finest things in Rome.* I raved about it. He turned the conversation, by asking me which of his statues I preferred. I replied, that if I had my choice I should take *Somariva's* "Magdalen;" that when I saw it at Paris, it affected me to tears. That beauty and sorrow generally destroy each other, but that he had contrived to heighten both by the union. I spoke of the air of abandonment with which she eyes the cross—her loose and dishevelled hair—the simple rope that confines her robe of penitence—the inertness of the arms from which the cross is about to fall, an emblem of her hopelessness of pardon.†

He seemed surprised at my impassioned admiration of so early a work. I had it on my tongue to have asked him if the idea was not taken from a picture by an old master, in the same room in that gallery at Paris; but I restrained myself, thinking the question indiscreet.

I told him, Sir Joshua Reynolds was surprised when he looked at one of his forgotten guinea portraits, and that I had, some months before, accompanied Sir W. B. to see one of his early works, a few miles out of London, the subject of which was "Two Sisters," and which pleased me more than any in his show-room. Canova admitted that neither artists nor authors were the best judges of their own works, but I evidently saw he was not pleased with my preference of his "Magdalen." Other visitors dropped in, and I shortly after took leave of him, with a promise of paying him another visit, which I never kept; for I was on the eve of my departure for Naples, and when I returned to the City of the World, after an interval of seven months, and walked again through his peopled galleries, the genius of the place was fled! Canova was no more! He died in the October of that year.

The numerous works Canova left, proved how indefatigable this great man had been in his art, and how extensive had been the patronage he received. Many sculptors satisfy themselves with modelling in gesso, or even *ébauchant* their groups or figures; but Canova gave the last finish to all, and, it is said, executed several of his works entirely with his own hand. Sculpture is a much more mechanical art than people generally imagine. After the block is shaped into something like the human form, the proportions are mathematically taken with the sextant and quadrant, the rule and the compass, and metal pegs driven at certain depths, and distances for the turn and moulding of the limbs. Even the features are easily got at by this process. It is the expression of the countenance that is alone difficult to be caught; and it must be confessed, that in this Canova's are too frequently deficient.

It has been said that he was spoiled by Napoleon and David, but it is clear that he very early had a predilection for the French school, as may be seen by his "Cupid and Psyche," which bears the same relation to the celebrated group in the Florence gallery which Moore's *Loves of the Angels* do to Byron's *Heaven and Earth*. Canova appears not to have erred in thinking simplicity the great source of the sublime. He looked only at the surface of things, and was not imbued with a deep sense of intellectual beauty, nor sufficiently felt the power of intellectual beauty. His attitudes are thus too often overstrained. He seems to be always thinking of effect, and, like the French painters, to have taken his models from the stage.

Let us look at the "Pitti Venus"—she is too tall. There is something immodest in the way she is drawing up the scanty folds of her garment, and in the position of her hands. The features are not free from affectation and self-conceit. She evidently knows she is looked at, and as she turns round her head seems to say—"Ne me regardez pas, Monsieur; je vous en prie."

* This is a graceful and airy figure, of the most perfect symmetry, combining the lightness and agility of a *Perseus* with the grace of *Apollo*. His shoulders are a little inclined forward, and this expresses a listening eagerness, or that he is earnestly bent in the examination of and wonder at the charms of *Venus*, whom the eye of fancy may create as standing before him. Her rivals have no place in his imagination. His face, which is in unison with the form, and has a Grecian contour, and the sweetest mouth and chin, indicates the inexperience and thoughtless simplicity of a shepherd boy. Nothing can be more lovely than the *gauche* and bashful expression of the countenance; it is overshadowed by profuse hyacinthian locks (called so from their resembling the small bells of the flower) of curling hair, that only curl at the extremities, and are smoothed down at the top and back of the head in gentle undulations. It is a singularity I have not observed in any other Greek statue, and accords well with his boyishness.

We are satisfied that such a figure would have chosen love in preference to wisdom or power, both of which his narrow forehead seems incapable of estimating or acquiring. It is a personification of the inexperienced and dominant spirit of love; and the apple in his left hand, we are persuaded, without the torch of *Cupid*, which he holds in his right, will be presented as a prize to the Queen of Love. He does not hesitate a moment about the choice. Love is his very essence.

† His "Dying Magdalen" is equally pathetic; the face is a copy of "The Younger Daughter of Niobe," Guido's *beau idéal* of beauty for his Madonnas.

The "Hebe" pleases me quite as little. The attitude is still more forced. It is taught by the ballet-master and the opera. There is no sentiment in her—none of the simplicity of nature. The metal vase and cup are very appropriate, are quite in character with such a *figurante*. The countenance is insignificant, and what little meaning there is in it, such as one would not wish.

I do not think much more favourably of the "Bacchante;" she is of the same family—a tiptoe *Bayadere*, not a nymph. There is none of the god about her,—she is carried away by none of the fine frenzy of the *Manad*, she displays none of the disorder of passion in her form, dress, or features; she does not carry us back to Greece, or remind us of the wild superstition which gave birth to such creatures;—we fancy we see in her a *Taglioni*.

Nor can I agree with those who are transported with his "Graces." There is certainly a virginal pointedness about these figures, but they are too much alike. It is true they are sisters; but *Thalia*, *Aglaia*, and *Euphrosyne*, have each their separate characteristics or attributes. It must be admitted that there is something sweet and affectionate in the manner in which they encircle and are interwoven with each other; and the group is, perhaps, improved, though the mythological propriety is injured, by the making one younger and smaller than the rest. It can be perceived, also, at a single glance, that they have learned to dance. The postures are not those of nature,—there is a studied ease in them.

What expression there is in their countenance is a silly one. They are not talking about *Helen* or *Psyche*. They are full of the vanities of life, delighting in the prospect of some fête or ball, of which the elder is making a secret. They find an appropriate shrine at Bedford House, and, however they may please the taste of these times, would never have been allowed a niche in the Parthenon.

There is a terra cotta by *Nollekens*, that far surpasses in design the *Graces* of the celebrated Venetian. The three sisters are most judiciously seated on an irregular mound, and their attitudes have all the simplicity and unaffected ease of which forms of immortal grace and beauty are susceptible. Unlike the draperied, simpering, mirror-taught, posture-studied "Ballerine," of Canova, these are really the "Decantes Gratiæ," unconscious of their charms, and more modest and innocent for being represented in all the *nuda veritas* of Nature.

Thalia forms the centre; she is a little elevated above the rest. Her head, the hair of which is parted over her brow and falls behind in abundant massy tresses, is half-turning towards her sisters, as listening to *Aglaia*, who leans affectionately on *Thalia's* back, whilst her right elbow rests on her own knee, and her left hand, the fingers instinct with the life that animates them, just touches that of *Euphrosyne*. The latter, her unbraided hair divided negligently across her forehead, with one arm encircles *Thalia's* lovely waist, and looks archly from over her shoulder in the face of *Aglaia*, whose lips are gently unclosed in the act of speaking. One of her legs, the contour of which is partially and enviously concealed, is bent under her; and the small and delicate foot winds (like the tendril of a vine about the parent stem) round the calf of the leg. We scarcely know which of the sisters to admire the most, and it is difficult to conceive how a sketch could give such variety of expression to the countenances. In front, the profile, the half, and full face, meet the eye at once. Their figures are pearlike and pointed, as should be those of virgins; all differing, yet all worthy of those divine creatures of the Greeks.

Among all our rich nobles, who spend their thousands abroad on inferior artists, like *Bertolini*, was there not one to encourage a *Nollekens*, and give a commission for this group, that was not unknown to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and merited all the enthusiastic pains he bestowed on it?

It has always seemed to me a mistake, the choosing of classical subjects, such as *Theseus* and the *Minotaur*, *Theseus* and the *Centaur*, &c. There was a hidden and mystical meaning in those personifications, the tradition of which perished with the poetical and lovely mythology from which they spring. These images have no local habitation in our minds: what can the artist make of such subjects but tame and lifeless copies of the classics?

His statue of "Washington" is a production of great merit as a work of art, like all Canova's, but he is a Roman. The *peplus* thrown over the cuirass does not tell the story well; without his name, which he is writing, one would find it difficult to recognize the patriot citizen, soldier, and legislator of America, as it does not even pretend to be a likeness. "Napoleon," by a strange caprice of fortune, is in the Duke of Wellington's collection.

There is a severe majesty in the figure, and the countenance accords well with the winged *Victory* on which he is gazing with a stern delight.

The charge of plagiarism so often made against Canova is not altogether groundless. Almost all he did may be traced to some statue, cameo, vase, or coin of antiquity. His women are all Grecians, have the same contour with the "Venus of the Tribune." His "Perseus" is a weak imitation of the "Apollo Victor;" and should not have ventured to look at the "Medusa's" head, itself the exact copy of a gem.

Even in his colossal horse, on which *Napoleon*, *Murat*, and *Charles III.* (what an anticlimax!) were successively mounted, the head is modelled from that in the bronze room at Florence; and even the lions at the tomb of *Clement XIII.*, taken from the antique, unlike those by *Flaxman*, in Westminster Abbey, which were studies from the Tower, and by whose side those of Canova have an *heraldic* look.

In his sepulchral monuments, he falls far short of *Flaxman* and *Chantrey*. The "Tomb of Nelson" is a strange, elaborate, frittered, unintelligible composition; and the turret-crowned female *Colossus* over that of *Alfieri*, in the Santa Croce, might as appropriately be placed over any other Italian.*

Canova's works are like *Carlo Dolce's* pictures,—one can see how they

* It is much to be lamented that Canova, like *Raphael*, did not apply himself more to religious subjects, which his devotional cast of mind particularly qualified him to excel in, as may be seen by his "Pietà and Meekness," and his two "Magdalen's;" though I prefer the *Somariva* one. In his "Dying Magdalen," he has copied *Guido's* "Daughter of Niobe," and given her the oval contour,—the hair parted, so as to show the broad forehead, at the sides of which the strings are comically drawn.

are done. They were all laboured with the file, and finished with the pumice stone, not the chisel; as were the "Laocoon," and the reliefs on the pediment of the Parthenon. I have not spoken of the polishing of his statues (a fault, indeed, attributed to Phydias); it is an ingenious device, and, like the high varnish of the picture-dealer, glosses over defects.

I know not what the accomplished and elegant Contessa Albrizzi would say to these remarks, made by one who admires not less than herself the genius of this great spirit of the age, though he is not blind to his defects. Canova spent his immense fortune in founding institutions for the encouragement of his art, and established academical prizes. He was the patron of all young artists of talent, and the first to discover the merit of Gibson, and Schadow, the author of the "Filatrice." His opinions were looked upon as oracular; his sayings have been selected as Socratic; and when he was lost to Italy, even its idolatry of the sculptor was lost in veneration for the "buon Canova."

T. MEDWIN.

* Perhaps Schadow's name is not much known in England. he was the Chatterton of sculpture, a Dane, and fell a martyr to consumption, brought on by the pressure of the *trapasso*, that is said to have shortened Canova's days. A monument has been raised to him at Copenhagen, over which has very appropriately been placed his "Filatrice." It was well said by Dr. N., that the thread should have been broken—Canova's.

TOURNAMENTS AND CHIVALRY

IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

"Firm on his stirrups, with collected might
He stood; and to direct his spear aright,
Against the buckler drove the pointed wood.
Which, like a mount of steel, the shock withstood.
The foe with mightier force his helmet found,
And instant hurled him senseless to the ground."

Ariosto—B. X.

Three valiant and noble Knights of France, Sir Boucicaut, the Lord Reginald de Roze, and the Lord de Saimpi, resolved to hold a solemn Tournament at Inglevère, near Calais, in which they undertook to maintain the lists against all comers. This Tournament was proclaimed in many countries, particularly in England, where, as the quaint old chronicler observes, "it excited several Knights and Squires, who were fond of adventures and deeds of arms, to confer on the subject."

More than sixty English knights and squires accompanied Sir John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, the king's half-brother, to this tournament. Among them were Sir Peter Courtenay, Sir John Drayton, Sir John Walworth, Sir John Russell, Sir Peter Shirborne, Sir William Clifton, Sir William Clinton, Sir William Talbot, Sir Godfrey de Seton, Sir John Bolton, Sir John Arundil, Sir John Beaumont, and many others. All these took up their quarters at Calais.

On the arrival of the challengers, they ordered three rich vermilion tents, or pavilions, to be pitched near the place appointed for the lists; and before each were suspended two shields, for peace or war (that is, with blunt or sharpened lances) emblazoned with the arms of each challenger. Such as were desirous of performing any deed of arms, were to touch one of these shields, when they would be tilted with agreeably to their request.

On the 21st of May, the three knights were properly armed, and their horses ready saddled according to the laws of the tournament. The English knights also came from Calais and being arrived at the spot, drew up on one side. The place of the tournament was smooth and green with grass.

Sir John Holland was the first who sent his squire to touch the war shield of Sir Boucicaut, who instantly issued from his pavilion completely armed. Having mounted his horse and grasped his spear, they took their distances. When the two knights had for a short time eyed each other, they spurred their horses and met full gallop with such force that Sir Boucicaut pierced the shield of his adversary, and the point of his lance slipped along his arm, but without wounding him. The knights continued their career, without stopping to the end of the lists. This course was much praised.

In the second course they hit each other slightly, but no harm was done; and their horses refused to complete the third. Sir John Holland, who was heated, wished to complete the tilt, and returned to his place, expecting that Boucicaut would again call for his lance; but he did not, and showed plainly that he would not that day tilt any more with Sir John. The English knight therefore sent his squire to touch the war-shield of the Lord de Saimpi, who being ready for the combat, sallied out from his pavilion and grasped his lance. The two champions couched their lances, but at the outset their horses crossed, yet notwithstanding this their horses met in their career, but in consequence of the crossing (which was much blamed) Sir John was unhelmed.

He returned to his people who soon re-helmed him; and having resumed their lances they met full gallop, and hit each other with such force in the middle of their shields, that they would have been unhorsed, had they not kept tight seats. They returned to their places and took breath. Then Sir John Holland, who had a great desire to distinguish himself at this tournament, had his helmet braced and grasped his spear again. The Lord de Saimpi seeing him advance, did not decline the encounter, but spurring his horse to full gallop, they met in the midst of the lists, their spears striking each on the other's helmet, from which the sparks were made to fly. At this course the Lord de Saimpi lost his helmet. Sir John Holland wished to break another lance in honor of his lady, but it was refused him, because he had already run his six courses. He therefore quitted the lists to make way for others, his courage and dexterity having gained him praise from all sides.

After several other courses had been run, Sir Peter Courtenay sent a squire to touch the three shields of war. This caused a great deal of surprise, but the knight declared that he wished to break two lances with each of the champions. Sir Reginald de Roze first offered himself, but from the restiveness of their horses, they both failed in the attempt. On the second course they met full gallop, and Sir Reginald de Roze having unhelmed his adversary, returned gently towards his pavilion his two courses being completed.

Sir Peter Courtenay and the Lord de Saimpi now ran together and their lances were broken in the first shock. In the next encounter the Lord Saimpi hit Sir Peter hard, whose horse swerved a little; but Sir Peter struck off the Frenchman's helmet and rode on to his post. Sir Boucicaut now came to complete the two remaining courses; and in the first the two knights met with such fire and impetuosity that both chargers fell back on their haunches, but no other result followed. At the second course they were both unhelmed. Sir Peter Courtenay was then told he had done enough that day and he retired from the lists.

Sir Peter Shirborne, a young knight of good courage, sent his squire to touch the war-shield of Sir Boucicaut. The knight was ready to answer him, for he was armed and on horseback, leaning on his spear, and eager for an adventure. In the first course their horses swerved, but in the next career their lances took good effect upon the visor of each. The lance of the French knight shivered, but that of the Englishman bore off the helmet of Sir Boucicaut on its point, whilst the blood spouted from his nose, and the champion was obliged to retire to his pavilion. Then advanced the Lord de Saimpi against Sir Peter Shirborne, and well did these valiant gentlemen maintain their reputations. The first course was attended without loss to either knight, but in the second their lances struck full against their shields and broke in three pieces; but the blow of the Lord de Saimpi was so fierce, that the English knight lost his seat and fell to the ground. He was then led from the lists by his attendants.

The sports now concluded for that day, and the English set off at full gallop for Calais, where they remained all night enjoying themselves.—The French retired to Inglevère.

The next morning, after mass and drinking a cup, the English again left Calais and repaired to the lists, where they found the French knights awaiting them, as was most right and proper. After several tilts had taken place, Sir Godfrey de Seyton opposed himself to Sir Reginald de Roze. They met full gallop, and though their spears were too tough to break, they remained fastened in their shields, whilst their horses with difficulty recovered from the shock of the encounter. In the next course Sir Reginald received a severe blow on the helmet, but he repaid the thrust well, for at that time he was accounted one of the best knights in France, "and was smitten with love for a young lady that made all his affairs prosper." He now struck so violent a blow against the shield of Sir Godfrey, that it was pierced through as well as his left arm. The spear broke as it entered, the rest falling to the ground, and the steel-head sticking in the shield and in the arm. Sir Reginald was much praised both by French and English of this tilt.

There was a Bohemian knight attached to the household of the Queen of England, who challenged Sir Boucicaut to tilt with him. But the Bohemian conducted himself in so unkindly a manner, that he got out of the line of tilting, and then struck his opponent on the helmet. By this impropriety he forfeited his arms and horse, had the Frenchman insisted upon it. After a good deal of conversation upon this foul stroke, the French knights pardoned it, out of complaisance to the English. The Bohemian then begged to be permitted to run one course with Sir Reginald de Roze, who granted his request. Both knights spurred their horses and struck each other's shields at the same moment; but Sir Reginald thrust with such force and good intent, that he made the Bohemian fly out of his saddle, and the spectators feared he was killed. The champion continued his course to his own station, and the English were not sorry to behold the condition of the Bohemian after the discourteous act he had committed.

The tilting continued four days, when there appeared to be no more tilts to encounter the challengers, who had conducted themselves most worthily. The English, therefore, took their leave with many expressions of admiration and satisfaction, and returned to their own country. The three French knights remained till the thirty days were fully accomplished, and then returned leisurely each to his home. The King of France and all his lords received them most handsomely, and thus ended the famous tilting at Inglevère.

CHARACTER OF LAFAYETTE.

From the *Etudes sur les Orateurs Parlementaires*.

BY TIMON.

Opinion has its prejudices, and thus it has been said of three Liberals, namely, Fafitte, Dupont (de l'Eure), and Lafayette, that Lafitte did not make his own speeches, that Dupont was a good sort of man and nothing else, and that Lafayette was a simpleton.

Now Lafitte has the most extended and the clearest financial mind of our time; the good sense of Dupont, as far as it goes, could hew out more speeches than one; and then Lafayette is only a simpleton—is he? Oh, very simple, I confess; for he confided, like a lot of us other simpletons, in the promises of the *governocracy* of July.

He has fancied (the simpleton!) that he could meet with kings totally unlike other kings; that people liked liberty because they strained their throats singing liberal bravuras; that the golden age had returned, and that we should let the reins of power fall on its neck, and that it was perfectly fit to curb itself. Since then, when he saw the same piece still acting on the great theatre, and that the only change of decoration was the substitution of a cock for a lily, he repented, wept bitterly, beat his breast, and exclaimed, that he had been the dupe, and not the deceiver. Not the deceiver! I believe it, but it was too bad for Lafayette to be duped.

There are few men to whom Providence has given the means and the opportunity of regenerating their country and establishing liberty, and a neglect by these of this opportunity is a crime against their country. Lafayette has committed two great faults from which posterity will not absolve him.

By opposing Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo, both in the tribune and the Cabinet, he divided our forces, and thus, without willing it, contributed to the dismemberment of France. He did not perceive, like the great Carnot, that Napoleon alone could save the country, whereas national independence ought so to possess the mind of a citizen, that (*paris*

componere magna) I should not hesitate myself, in spite of my individual repugnance, to talk like Manuel, or to follow the ranks of a certain person, if it were clearly demonstrated to me that that person alone, under certain circumstances, would prevent the enslaving and dismemberment of France; for the safety of the nation, as a nation, stands before all liberty, all forms of government, all social and political organization, all interior power—in short, before everything.

Lafayette's second fault was his fault of July. The seat of Government was vacant. Lafayette reigned over Paris on the third day, and Paris over France. Three parties (I need not mention names) were deliberating. What was expected by our youth, our army, and our people, is well known. Lafayette, however, allowed himself to be twirled giddy by the hands of the Orleanists. Visions of the tri-coloured flag was made to dance before the old man's eyes, his hands were seized and covered with kisses, he was stunned by the sonorous words, "Eighty-nine," "Jemappe," "Valmy," "America," "Liberty," "National Guard," "Republican, citizen, *bourgeois*," and "Transatlantic monarchy," and Heaven knows what. In short, on the Place de Greve, and before the people, the jugglers clapped him like a ball under their cup, and played legerdemain with him.

Lafayette, with his childish simplicity, never dreamed that he had to do with *roués* who were more *roués* than those of the Government. When the patriots trusted him with their apprehensions, he laid his hand upon his heart, and, judging from his own fidelity to liberty, answered for that of others. In his deplorable state of blindness he left all to be done by the majority of the Chamber who had done nothing, and nothing to be done by the people who had done all. If the patriots had not trusted Lafayette's word, who innocently repeated all that had been told him, things would have been ordered very differently, and I (for my part) should not have been hindered by the laws of September from writing a history of that political drama in which all the members of the Chamber were actors, and which no one could write more faithfully than myself, because the piece was played at the wing where I stood, and where I alone was not one of the players.

"Oh! ye actors," cried Lafayette, when they had dragged him from the stage, and shown him the door, "Oh! actors, you only travestie liberty! This is not the liberty of which I dreamed, and which I have served. No! I cannot recognize her!"

The actors of July laughed at his lamentations; they had put on the buskin, and stalked about the stage in their *epitogium* of silk and purple. Gold rings were sparkling on their fingers, instead of the dagger of the Carbonari. With a diadem on their brow, they recited pompous declamations against the monster of anarchy, and drew applause from the stupid multitude.

At this fatal and decisive moment, Lafayette wanted character and genius, and, indeed, it would have been better for us and for himself, had he not been there. However, his illusion lasted but a day; none saw sooner or further than he where we led, and we may say that history does not offer an example of a more artful and disgraceful act of treachery exercised on a more noble veteran.

Lafayette was no orator—if by oratory we mean that emphatic and sonorous mode of speaking which stuns the hearers, and lets nothing but wind enter their ears. He had a serious yet familiar conversational style, grammatically incorrect, if you will, and a little diffuse, but pointed and set off by felicitous turns of expression. He had no figures or highly coloured images, but his words were just calculated to express his meaning and no more. There was no passionate action, but his discourse bore the accent of conviction. His logic was not powerful, overwhelming, or elaborate, but his arguments were well put together, followed one another without effort, and naturally flowed from the exposition of facts.

When he ascended the tribune and said, "I am a Republican," no one was tempted to ask what he meant by that, and why he said it, for every one knew that the friend of Washington could not be otherwise than a Republican. He spoke freely about the kings of Europe, whom he unceremoniously treated as despots, kindling against them in his vast *propaganda* all the fires of popular insurrection. To the oppressed of all countries he opened his purse, his house, and his heart. He obstinately opposed at the tribune the cowardly abandonment of the Poles and Romagnols. Then his indignation, let loose, flowed forth in vast torrents, virtue held the place of eloquence, and his words, generally mild, were armed with fire and lightning.

Lafayette had more than mere ideas, he had principles, fundamental principles to which he adhered with inextinguishable obstinacy. Both in theory and in practice he desired the sovereignty of the people; and, indeed, that is all.

But he did not like the tyranny of the whole better than the tyranny of one. He considered foundations before form, justice before law, principles before governments, and the human race before nations. He wished for minorities to be free under triumphant majorities.

When the strongest characters gave way, when the geniuses passed in succession under the triumphal forks of Napoleon, and the nation, mad with glory and conquest, ran before his car, Lafayette resisted the stream of men and things, without violence towards others, or struggle with himself, by the firmness of his convictions alone, resembling a rock which stands upright amid the fluctuating agitation of the waves.

His great mind was never tormented by the passion for gold, which can govern kings themselves. The vulgar ambition for a throne was beneath him, and had he not been Lafayette, he would have desired to be Washington.

Even in his old age Lafayette was beloved by everybody—the greatest delight of an affectionate heart. But this noble clime of being loved, which is so sweet in private life, is in political life nearly always hazardous. A true statesman should be able to sacrifice his friendship and even his popularity to the interests of his country.

While he remained Commander-General of the National Guard of the kingdom, and thus walked nearly hand in hand with Louis Philippe, the Camarillas sheltered their own fears under his popularity, and heard his words in respectful silence.

But when, after having made all the use it could of him, the Court dismissed him, together with Dupont (de l'Eure), Lafitte, and Odillon Barrot, these gentry of the centre no longer restrained themselves, but turned their low whispers of indifference into low murmurs. The base flatterers! The Opposition, however, which has not the ungrateful court memory, always retained its veneration, and when the venerable old man appeared in the Assembly, all the deputies rose spontaneously to pay him homage.

In his face and person there was a happy mixture of French grace, American phlegm, and antique calmness.

Lafayette was the most really and resolutely revolutionary man of our time. He entered with ardour and impetuosity into every conspiracy which had for its end the overthrow of despotism, and life itself was to him a stake of small importance. Had he fallen a martyr to his political faith, he would have mounted the scaffold and presented his head to the executioner with all the serenity of a young girl who falls asleep at the close of a banquet, with a wreath of roses on her brow.

It is said that at the close of a funeral oration, some conspirators had the horrible design of killing Lafayette in the triumphal car, in which they were conducting him, and, like Mark Antony, of exposing his bleeding corpse to the people, and thus inciting them. When this was told Lafayette, he only smiled, as if he thought the design natural and the stratagem ingenious.

I believe, without positively affirming it (for who can affirm it or contradict it?) that Lafayette, on his death bed, and in his last flickerings of thought, flattered himself that a popular insurrection would break out when his ashes passed, would reanimate liberty, and thus celebrate his obsequies.

There are stormy lovers of democracy who would be very aristocratic if they had been born among aristocrats. Their love of equality is but a vain jealousy on account of privileges they have not themselves. It is difficult to discover whether they are liberals from conviction or from spite.—But when great lords turn democrats, the people surround them with confidence, because it feels honored by their abjuration. One of these was Lafayette.

Of the old aristocracy he had only preserved that sprightly and refined *naïveté* which adorns discourse, and that elegant simplicity of manners which is no more seen, and will not again return. But his soul was entirely plebeian, he loved the people from the bottom of his heart, as a father loves his children, and was ready, every hour of the day or night, to rise, march, fight, suffer, conquer, or be conquered for the people; to give up his fame, fortune, liberty, blood, and life.

IN RE SNOOKS.

From the John Bull.

If "the days of chivalry are gone," perhaps the heroic ages are returning; at least we have not for a long time read, out of Homer, so much warlike denunciation and bloody defiance as in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle* this week, in the affair of BRENT, SNOOKS, and Company. Pray God no bones be broken, no blood spilt! There has been such a bubbling over of bravery, that had all the challenges been accepted that were given, we calculated there were not heaths enough round London to accommodate the parties. So infectious a fierceness never set people by the ears before. The fire began at Canterbury, but spread in a few days to London, enveloping in its progress the Senior United Service Club, the Horse Guards, and the *Morning Chronicle* Office, besides a vast number of private houses; and is so far from being got under at the time of our writing, that it flares away day after day with undiminished, if not increasing force. It is a perfect civil war, grown out of a local broil.

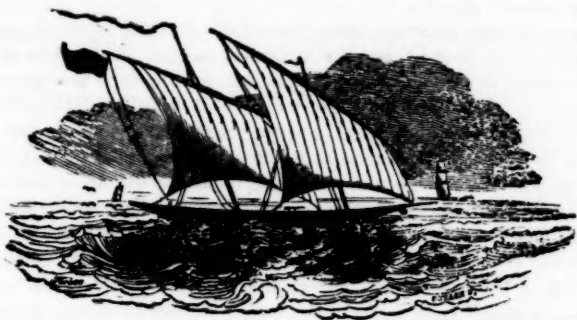
Our readers know the particulars. Six persons, calling themselves officers, ride over a gentleman's grounds, committing trespass and damage; and the gentleman orders them off: they are insolent and provoking; and one of them, on the gentleman demanding his name, tells him "Snooks," at the same time trying to ride over him. And here let us pause, as the moralist says, to remark how truth will unconsciously assert herself even under the garb of falsehood. This man, when he merely intended an impertinence, betrayed his real character: what he said was literally false, but morally true. "Snooks" is a name conventionally associated with the mob—it means a blackguard. This man, then, declared himself to be Snooks—and *was* Snooks. Like CINNA in the epigram—

"SNOOKS videri vult, et *est* SNOOKS."

The six marauders, being mountr'd, then make off, followed by the outraged gentleman; from whom, however, they escape into their barracks, locking the gates after them. The outraged gentleman is as unsuccessful in obtaining redress from their Commanding-officer as from them; and from the Horse Guards as from the Commanding-officer. At length my Lord CARDIGAN holds out redress in the shape of a horse-pistol, with which he expresses his readiness to shoot the outraged gentleman, if that will be any relief. The outraged gentleman declines being shot yet, and keeps demanding the names of the six marauders. The Six still skulk, nameless and viewless behind the walls of their barracks, clinging to the coat-tails of their Commanding-officer; but somehow they find others to fight their battles, not merely in the field but in the press, whither now the cause is moved; these literary friends of theirs selecting rather unfortunately as their *cheval de bataille* the subject of the anonymous, which they (nameless themselves) are very discontent that the enemies of the unknown Six should choose to preserve.

The editor of the *Morning Chronicle* venturing to reproach him of the horse-pistol for having offered the outraged gentleman no better compensation, is himself invited to make one at Wimbledon. Meantime other collateral pistols are being cocked. There's "Miles"—a person so calling himself; this tremendous "fellow" (as he designates his own antagonists) writes letters, one a day, to the editor of the *Chronicle*, which the editor has the good nature to put in, full of abuse of the outraged gentleman, (whom he too, if permitted, will shoot); letters apparently intended to "drive the gentleman," as Sir Toby Belch has it, "into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity." By saying that he is "an officer of rank," Miles wishes you to understand that he is a person

worth shooting at. But this is a *non sequitur*. We do not admit that a man is any better worth aiming because he has an extra garter to his knee, or that his breast makes a more desirable target for one's lead for having a "lesser George" hanging to it by way of bull's-eye. Let "officers of rank," who are so ready to swallow fire, know that, even considered in the light of portable mud-banks for the reception of leaden bullets, they are in no particular request; while, in any other point of view, the country is becoming, by exhibitions of this kind, daily more incredulous of their capacity to be turned to any useful account. Some political economist once published a pamphlet with the title "A Plan to make Dukes Useful;" but it is much harder to find a way to make officers harmless. Our hope is in foreign wars, of which some seem to be getting ready as if on purpose to draught off the superfluous animation of the Snookses of the Eleventh Light Dragoons.



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1839.

THE STEAMERS AND OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

The British Queen went to sea on Tuesday at Meridian, carrying about sixty passengers. The news-mongers and penny-a-liners were "struck into a heap" by her stopping an hour in the East-River, but the detention proved to have been caused by the forgetfulness of the purveyors—they having omitted the *sine qua non* for puddings and egg-nog, cake and omelets, in preparing the stores; the steward therefore of this noble steamer was compelled to come ashore for eggs.

She carries out rather sorry commercial news, but this will surprise no one in England, for it is well known that until we get better intelligence from there, we cannot return them more encouraging accounts of American trade.

The Liverpool is now expected shortly to arrive, as her day of sailing was fixed for 21st of September, and we trust that by Wednesday we shall have received our portion of the intelligence she will bring.

We have been indulging a feeble hope that one of the Liverpool Packets would bring us letters from our associate, giving us his "Jottings" while at the Eglintoun festivities, but it seems to us that the speed of these vessels, once so famed for their short passages, has been lost, since the introduction of steam as a means of navigating the Atlantic. But we have been totally disappointed in our hopes, and must now await the coming of the Liverpool before we shall be able to gratify our readers with the perusal of those "incidents of travel," to record which, was almost the sole object of our associate in making the journey to Scotland. We intreat our friends, therefore, to exercise their patience, and believe that we exert every means in our power to avail ourselves of the readiest communications from abroad, and if we now and then fail in our endeavours to keep up a continuous correspondence from our allies across the water, it is not owing to any neglect or indifference on their part, nor to any lack of exertion or expenditure on our own. We are well aware that our sheet this week does not afford the accustomed variety in its contents, nor is it garnished with the usual side dishes of the foreign news of the day, but the intrinsic merit of many of the components, and the humour of others, will, we trust, form some compensation for the disappointment which has been inevitable.

Fortunately we happened to receive from our Paris correspondent a letter we had supposed lost. It reached us at a moment of despair, and will be found interesting in its details, and marked by the shrewd observation that ever characterizes the writings of its accomplished author.

THE DAMSEL OF DARIEN—By the Author of the *Yemassee*, &c. &c.—Published by Lea and Blanchard, and for sale at the Carvills, Broadway.—We are happy to welcome back to the fields of literature, the author of this Romance. Our admiration of his former works has been heightened by the perusal of this last creation of his active mind, and we believe that readers generally will pronounce it no ways inferior in style and interest to its predecessors. We gave a specimen chapter in our paper of last week, and can only refer to the work itself to corroborate our opinion of its merits.

LETTERS FROM LONDON, PARIS, PEKIN, PETERSBURG, &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE," THE "MEMOIRS OF MAJOR GAHAGAN, &c."

We have arrived here just in time for the fêtes of July—You have read, no doubt, of that glorious revolution which took place here nine years ago, and which is now commemorated annually in a pretty facetious manner, by gun-firing, student-processions, pole-climbing-for-silver-spoons, gold-watches, and legs of mutton, monarchical orations, and what not, and sanctioned, moreover, by Chamber-of-Deputies, with a grant of a couple of hundred thousand francs to defray the expenses of all the crackers, gun-firings, and legs-of-mutton aforesaid. There is a new fountain in the Place Louis Quinze, otherwise called the Place Louis Seize, or else the Place de la Revolution, or else the Place de la Concorde (who can say why?)—which I am told is to run bad wine during certain hours to-morrow, and there would have been a review of National Guards and the Line—only since the Fieschi business, reviews are no joke, and so this letter part of the festivity has been discontinued.

Do you not laugh—O intelligent Corsair that you are—at the continuance of a humbug such as this!—at the humbugging anniversary of a humbug! The king of the Barricades is, next to the Emperor Nicholas, the most absolute Sovereign in Europe—there is not in the whole of this fair kingdom of France, a single man who cares sixpence about him, or his dynasty, except, mayhap, a few hangers-on at the Chateau, who eat his dinners, and put their hands in his purse. The feeling of loyalty is as dead as old Charles the Tenth, the Chambers have been laughed at, the country has been laughed at, all the successive ministries have been laughed at (and you know who is the wag that has amused himself with them all), and behold, here come three days at the end of July, and cannons think it necessary to fire off, squibs and crackers to blaze and fiz, fountains to run wine, kings to make speeches, and subjects to crawl up greasy mâts-de-cocagne in token of gratitude, and *réjouissance-publique*.—My dear Sir, in their aptitude to swallow, to utter, to enact humbugs, these French people, from Majesty downwards, beat all the other nations of this earth. In looking at these men, their manners, dresses, opinions, politics, actions, history, it is impossible to preserve a grave countenance—instead of having Carlyle to write a History of the French Revolution, I often think it should be handed over to Dickens or Theodore Hook, and oh, where is the Rabelais to be the faithful historian of the last forage of the Revolution—the last glorious nine years of which we are now commemorating, the last glorious three days!

I had made a vow not to say a syllable on the subject, although I have seen with my neighbours all the ginger-bread stall down the Champs-Élysées, and some of the "Catafalques" erected to the memory of the heroes of July, where the Students and others not connected personally with the victims, and not having in the least profited by their deaths, come and weep—but the grief shown on the first day is quite as absurd and fictitious as the joy exhibited on the last subject is one which admits of much wholesome reflection, and food for mirth, and besides is so richly treated by the French themselves that it would be a sin and a shame to pass it over. Allow me to have the honour of translating for your edification an account of the first day's proceedings—it is mighty amusing, to my thinking.

CELEBRATION OF THE DAYS OF JULY.

"To-day, (Saturday), funeral ceremonies in honour of the victims of July, were held in the various edifices consecrated to public worship.

"These edifices, with the exception of some churches, (especially that of the Petits-Perès) were uniformly hung with black on the outside—the hangings bore only this inscription: 27, 28, 29 July, 1830—surrounded by a wreath of oak-leaves.

"In the interior of the Catholic churches, it had only been thought proper to dress little catafalques, as for burials of the third and fourth class. Very few clergy attended: but a considerable number of the National Guard.

"The Synagogue of the Israelites was entirely hung with black; and a great concourse of people attended. The service was performed with the greatest pomp.

"In the Protestant temples there was likewise a very full attendance: apologetical discourses on the Revolution of July were pronounced by the pastors.

"The absence of M. de Quélen (Archbishop of Paris) and of many members of the superior clergy, was remarked at Notre-Dame.

"The civil authorities attended service in their several districts.

"The poles ornamented with tri-coloured flags, which formerly were placed on Notre-Dame were, it was remarked, suppressed. The flags on the Pont Neuf were, during the ceremony, only half-mast high, and covered with crape.

Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.

"The tombs of the Louvre were covered with black hangings, and adorned with tri-coloured flags. In front and in the middle was erected an expiatory monument of a pyramidal shape, and surmounted by a funeral vase.

"These tombs were guarded by the MUNICIPAL GUARD, THE TROOPS OF THE LINE, THE SERGENS DE VILLE (*town-patrol*) AND A BRIGADE OF AGENTS OF POLICE IN PLAIN CLOTHES, under the orders of peace-officer Vassal.

"Between 11 and 12 o'clock some young men, to the number of 400 or 500, assembled on the Place de la Bourse, one of them bearing a tri-coloured banner with an inscription 'TO THE MANES OF JULY:' ranging themselves in order, they marched five a-breast to the Marché-des-Innocents. On their arrival, the Municipal Guards of the Halle-aux-Draps, where the post had been doubled, issued out without arms, and the town-sergeants placed themselves before the market to prevent the entry of the procession. The young men passed in perfect order and without saying a word—only lifting their hats as they defiled before the tombs. When they arrived at the Louvre, they found the gates shut, and the garden evacuated. The troops were under arms, and formed in battalion.

"After the passage of the procession, the Garden was again open to the public."

And the evening and the morning were the first day.

There's nothing serious in mortality—is there from the beginning of this account to the end thereof, but sheer open, monstrous, undisguised humbug! I said before that you should have a history of these people by Dickens or Theodore Hook, but there is little need of professed wags—do not the men write their own tale with an admirable Sancho-like gravity and naïveté, which one could not desire improved? How good is that touch of sly indignation about the little *catfalguès*? how rich the contrast presented by the splendid disregard of expense exhibited by the devout Jews: and how touching the "*apologetical discourses* on the Revolution," delivered by the Protestant pastors! Fancy the profound affliction of the Gardes-Municipaux, the Sergens de Ville, the police agents in plain-clothes, and the troops with fixed bayonets sobbing round the expiatory-monuments-of-a-pyramidal shape, surmounted by funeral-vases" and compelled by sad duty to fire into the public who might wish to indulge in the same wo! O "Manes of July!" (the phrase is pretty and grammatical) why did you with sharp bullets break those Louvre windows? Why did you bayonet red coated Swiss behind that fair white-facade, and braving cannon, musket, sabre, perspective guillotine, burst yonder bronze gates, rush through that peaceful picture-gallery, and hurl royalty, loyalty, and a thousand years of Kings, head over heels out of yonder Tuilleries windows?

It is, you will allow, a little difficult to say—there is, however, one benefit that the country has gained (as for liberty of press, or person, diminished taxation, a juster representation, who ever thinks of them?) one benefit they have gained, or nearly—*abolition de la peine-de-mort*, namely, *pour délit politique*—no more wicked guillotining for revolutions—a Frenchman must have his revolution—it is his nature to knock down omnibuses in the street, and across them to fire at troops of the line—it is a sin to balk it—did not the king send off Revolutionary Prince Napoleon in a coach and four? did not the Jury before the face of God and Justice proclaim Revolutionary Colonel Vaudrey not guilty?—one may hope soon that if a man shows decent courage and energy in half-a-dozen *émeutes*, he will get promotion and a premium.

I do not (although perhaps partial to the subject) want to talk more nonsense than the occasions warrants, and will pray you to cast your eyes over the following anecdote, that is now going the round of the papers, and respects the commutation of the punishment of that wretched fool-hardy Barbés, who on his trial seemed to invite the penalty which has just been remitted to him. You recollect the braggart's speech, "When the Indian falls into the power of the enemy, he knows the fate that awaits him, and submits his head to the knife—I am the Indian!"

"Well—"

"M. Victor Hugo was at the Opera on the night when the sentence of the Court of Peers, condemning Barbés to death, was published. The great poet composed the following verses.

"Par votre Ange enrolée, ainsi qu'une colombe,
Par le royal enfant, doux et frère roseau,
Grace encore une fois! Grace au nom de la tombe,
Grace au nom du berceau!"*

M. Victor Hugo wrote the lines out instantly on a sheet of paper, which he folded, and simply despatched them to the King of the French by the Penny Post.

That truly is a noble voice, which can at all hours thus speak to the throne. Poetry in old days was called the language of the Gods—it is better named now—it is the language of Kings.

* Translated for the benefit of country gentlemen.

"By your angel flown away just like a dove,
By the royal infant, that frail and tender reed,
Pardon yet once more! Pardon in the name of the tomb,
Pardon in the name of the Cradle!"

But the clemency of the King had anticipated the letter of the Poet. The pen of His Majesty had signed the commutation of Barbés, while that of the Poet was still writing.

Louis Philippe replied to the author of Ruy Blas most graciously, that he had already subscribed to a wish so noble, and that the verses had only confirmed his previous dispositions to mercy."

Now in countries where fools most abound, did one ever read of more monstrous, palpable folly? In your country or mine, would a poet who chose to write four crack-brained verses, comparing an Angel to a dove, and a little boy to a reed, and calling upon the chief-magistrate in the name of the Angel or dove (the Princess Mary) in her tomb, and the little infant in his cradle, to spare a criminal, have received a "gracious answer" to his nonsense? would he have ever dispatched the nonsense? and would any Journalist have been silly enough to talk of "the noble voice that could thus speak to the throne," and the noble throne that could return such a noble answer to the noble voice? You get nothing done here gravely and decently. Tawdry stage tricks are played, and braggadocio clap-traps uttered, on every occasion, however sacred or solemn, in face of death as by Barbés with his hideous Indian metaphor, in the teeth of reason as by Mr. Victor Hugo with his twopenny-post poetry, and of Justice, as by the King's absurd reply to this absurd demand? Suppose the Count of Paris to be twenty times a reed, and the Princess Mary a host of angels, is that any reason why the Law should not have its course? Justice is the God of our lower world, our great omnipresent guardian—as such it moves, or should move on, majestic, awful, irresistible, having no passions—like a God: but in the very midst of the path across which it is to pass—lo! Mr. Victor Hugo trips forward smirking, and says, O Divine Justice, I will trouble you to listen to the following trifling effusion of mine.

"Par votre Ange enrolée ainsi qu'une," &c.

Awful Justice stops, and bowing gravely, listens to Mr. Hugo's verses, and with true French politeness says, "Mon cher Monsieur, these verses are charming *ravissans, délicieux*, and coming from such a *celebrité littéraire* as yourself, shall meet with every possible attention—in fact, had I required any thing to confirm my own previous opinions, this charming poem would have done so. Bon jour mon cher Monsieur Hugo, au revoir;"—and they part, Justice taking off hat and bowing, and the Author of Ruy Blas, quite convinced that he has been treating with him, *dégagé en égal*. I can hardly bring my mind to fancy that anything is serious in France—it seems to be all rant, tinsel, and stage-play. Sham liberty, sham monarchy, sham glory, sham justice,—ou diable donc la vérité vat'elle se nicher!

The last rocket of the fête of July has just mounted, exploded, made a portentous bang, and emitted a gorgeous show of blue-lights, and then, (like many reputations) disappeared totally: the hundredth gun on the invalid-terrace has uttered its last roar—and a great comfort it is for eyes and ears that the festival is over. We shall be able to go about our every-day business again, and not be hustled by the gendarmes or the crowd.

The sight which I have just come away from is as brilliant, happy, and beautiful, as can be conceived; and if you want to see French people to the greatest advantage, you should go to a festival like this, where their manners, and innocent gaiety, show a very pleasing contrast to the coarse and vulgar hilarity which the same class would exhibit in our own country—at Epsom Race-course, for instance, or Greenwich Fair. The greatest noise that I heard was that of a company of jolly villagers from a place in the neighbourhood of Paris, who, as soon as the fireworks were over, formed themselves into a line three or four abreast, and so marched singing home. As for the fireworks, squibs and crackers are very hard to describe, and very little was to be seen of them: to me, the prettiest sight was the vast, orderly, happy crowd, the number of children, and the extraordinary care and kindness of the parents towards these little creatures. It does one good to see honest, heavy *épiciers*, fathers of families, playing with them in the Tuilleries, or as to-night bearing them stoutly on their shoulders, through many long hours, in order that the little-ones too, may have their share of the fun. John Bull, I fear, is more selfish; he does not take Mrs. Bull to the public house, but leaves her for the most part, to take care of the children at home.

The fête then is over, the pompous black pyramid at the Louvre is only a skeleton now, all the flags have been miraculously whisked away during the night, and the fine chandeliers which glittered down the Champs Elysées for full half a mile, have been consigned to their dens and darkness. Will they ever be reproduced for other celebrations of the glorious 29th of July?—I think not, the government which vowed that there should be no more persecutions of the press was on that very 29th seizing a legitimist paper, for some real or fancied offence against it: it had seized, and was seizing daily, numbers of persons merely suspected of being disaffected (and you may fancy how liberty is understood, when some of these prison-

ers the other day on coming to trial, were found guilty and sentenced to one day's imprisonment after thirty-six day's detention on suspicion. I think the government which follows such a system, cannot be very anxious about any farther revolutionary fetes, and that the chamber may reasonably refuse to vote more money for them. Why should men be so mighty proud of having on a certain day cut a certain number of their fellow-countrymen's throats?—the guard and the line employed this time nine years, did no more than those who cannonaded the starving Lyonnese, or bayoneted the luckless inhabitants of the Rue Transnonain—they did but fulfil the soldier's honorable duty—his superiors bid him kill and he killeth—perhaps had he gone to his work with a little more heart, the result would have been different, and then?—would the conquering party have been justified in annually rejoicing over the conquered? Would we have thought Charles X. justified in causing fire-works to be blazed, and concerts to be sung, and speeches to be spouted, in commemoration of his victory over his slaughtered countrymen?—I wish for my part they would allow the people to go about their business as on the other 362 days of the year, and leave the Champs Elysées free for the omnibuses to run, and the Tuilleries in quiet, so that the nurse-maids might come as usual, and the newspapers be read for a half-penny apiece.

Shall I trouble you with an account of the speculations of these latter, and the state of the parties which they represent—the complication is not a little curious, and may form, perhaps, the subject of future letters. The July fêtes occupy, as you may imagine, a considerable part of their columns just now, and it is amusing to follow them, one by one—to read Tweedledum's praise, and Tweedledee's indignation—to read in the Débats how the king was received with shouts and loyal vivats—in the National how not a tongue was wagged in his praise, but on the instant of his departure, how the people called for the Marseillaise and applauded that.—But best say no more about the fete. The legitimists were always indignant at it. The high Philippist party sneers at and despises it. The republicans hate it—it seems a joke against them. Why continue it?—If I may hazard prophecies like the mighty O. P. Q., who has always in England and America shown a wondrous talent for vaticination, I should like you to print in the largest capitals THE FETES OF JULY ARE PAST.—This time next year the world will have forgotten the prophecy, nor will the prophet remind them of it unless perchance it should come true.

With respect of literary news, there is for the present none. Since that dreadful day when Jules Janin, Soulié, and a host of other literary geniuses went to visit the ravages of a great late hailstorm at a village in the environs of Paris—since that dreadful day when the mayor of the commune, seeing a number of suspicious looking characters with beards, with moustaches, with ringlets, with brutuses, with stays, blouses, velvet-coats frogged surtouts and all the last abominations of Parisian fashion, instantly took them for republicans, and so clapped into prison some of the sublimest spirits of France—a sort of awful panic seems to reign among the literary men, and most of the confrerie have fled the capital. The theatres too, languish, but these are always pleasant—only the pleasanter in this hot weather, because people prefer to sit out of doors. Regarding these however, and many other subjects of vast importance, I shall be able to give you better information in my next, when, if you are anxious to know, you shall hear of the very precise spot where the great Avnal is at present, where Bouffé is starring, where Mademoiselle Mars intends to pass her holidays, and in what happy provinces the fair Jewess Mademoiselle Rachel proposes to teach the true manner of declaiming Racine and Corneille.

By the way, what a noble subject for a tragedy is that conspiracy of the three hundred Jews, to put down the piece at the London theatre, about Gold-Dust—the French would have made a dozen vaudevilles of it before this!

T. T.

P. S. I break open my letter, to say that the fountain on the Place de la Concorde did not run wine; and that with regard to the Eastern question, there is not a syllable of news.

OUR ADVISERS AND OURSELVES.

We have deemed it of little moment, and have therefore refrained to reply to the strictures on the course of our gallant craft, that every now and then emanate from the teeming brain of some indignant individual, whose "excellent wrath" has been enkindled on the perusal of some of the papers sent us by our ally and friend in England. We anticipated this, for well did we know that the admiration which so many had bestowed on the writings of our young author, was gall and bitterness in the mental gullets of a certain stamp of contributors to the periodical press of this country; and thus expecting it, we have never been surprised to find the envenomed shaft sticking to the sides of our gay Felucca, as she is careering over the seas of literature. An unprovoked shot, however, was recently launched at us, that did indeed excite our wonderment, for it came from a source which should owe us no grudge, and from a sister sail with which

we had exchanged signals of amity, and therefore it is that we put up the helm for the nonce, and hold a moment's parley.

We early resolved, and have ever endeavored to use all courtesy and fairness towards our contemporaries, and we acknowledge with pride, the uniform kindness, that for the most part has been extended to us. The mode of conducting our sheet, and the character which it assumed at the outset, forbade our availing ourselves of the many precious matters that were daily floating around us, and within our reach, but whenever we found the temptation irresistible, we have in no instance failed to acknowledge the source from which we extracted the object of our choice and special admiration. But this, it seems is not enough. We must not be allowed to cater for our readers after our own mode, we must not have correspondents abroad unless they confine their observations to the height of steeples—the length of railways, and the statistics of national expenditures.—Oh no. Any departure from the dull, beaten path of relentless tourists, whose adherence to the guide books form the strongest feature in their forbidding Journals, will indicate a perverted sense of honor and a total infringement on the decencies of civilization. To allude to the characteristic manners of a foreign society, is rank ingratitude; and to mention names that are daily blazoned, with their owner's consent, in half the newspapers of a kingdom, is taking a liberty that cannot be palliated nor forgiven. To speak of the whereabouts of individuals whose comings and departures go to make up no small portion of the news of the fashionable English papers, or to allude to the dress and ornaments of those whose vanity consents to a full description of their persons and jewellery, is to mock at the decorums of life, and to trifle with the sensibilities of the fair. To dance at a public ball, *vis a vis*, in the same quadrille with a Maid of Honor whose name you venture to give, and whose beauty you extol, and to say that your partner in the same dance, whose name you do not give, informed you that the Queen's household is composed so and so, that Her Majesty exhibits some of the peculiarities of her sex,—to do all this, is to endanger the helpless Maid of Honor, and to jeopardise her situation in the circle of the court,

Such are the preachments which some few over-wise individuals have condescended to bestow on us from time to time, with an *empressment* that is truly edifying. We are sorry we cannot feel the force of their arguments, and still more sorry that we cannot yield our judgments to their modest dictations. Gentlemen, will you have the kindness to address yourselves to the conduct of your own affairs, we shall most assuredly take care of ours. When the irresistible mood comes over you, to offer advice, pray direct your missives to some quarter where their worth is appreciated.

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The repetitions of Fidelio and Cinderella, and the steady patronage, which the opera secures to this house, leaves us little to add to our last week's notice of the popular company of musicians, who night after night gratify the prevailing love of music with their sweet voices. Fidelio is still the favourite opera, and as those versed in the science predicted, it seems to be more and more appreciated the oftener it is heard.

On Thursday the Opera of Guy Mannering varied the entertainments of the week, and was very satisfactorily performed. Indeed it is no longer a question whether the artists at the Park are capable of doing justice to any composition they may attempt.

Miss Poole and Mrs. Creswick are getting to be great favourites in the lighter entertainments of the evening, and the spirit and grace which they throw into their personations, and their humorous songs, add materially to the pleasures of the Theatre.

THE NATIONAL.

It certainly should be reckoned among the consolations for the sudden misfortunes that sometimes happen to public men, that the untoward circumstances often reveal to the unfortunate individual the extent of his popularity and the number of his friends. Most particularly has this been true in the case of Mr. Wallack. Scarcely a week had elapsed after the burning of the beautiful National, when the Lessee and his company were greeted on the boards of another house by a concourse of friends, filling it to the ceiling, and eager to demonstrate their appreciation of his talents as manager and actor, and his worth as a man. Nor was this all, for in responding to a call from the house, Mr. Wallack was enabled to announce, that he anticipated having the pleasure ere long, of welcoming his friends, in an edifice suited to the wants of the community, and worthy the exertion of all his abilities as manager. With such spirit and activity on the one hand, and a generous sympathy and prompt readiness to assist on the other, the prospect of ultimately attaining his wishes is indeed encouraging, and must cheer Mr. Wallack on his course, and convert what at first seemed utter ruin and desolation, into a confident expectation of a brilliant future.

The snug little theatre hitherto attached to Niblo's Garden, has been fitted up and shut in on all sides, making a very comfortable house, capable of holding some twelve hundred persons. This was opened on Tuesday evening to the old friends of the National, who were anxious to welcome their favourite Vandenhoff back to America. This sterling actor appeared in Hamlet and gave to the enactment of the character a finish and a degree of genuine feeling that told well on his audience, and evidenced the study and reflection which he has devoted to a full understanding of its varying features and the minutest points.

On Wednesday Miss Vandenhoff made her debut before the New York public, in "Julia," to her father's "Master Walter." It was an interesting exhibition to see the parent and the daughter mutually solicitous to create a favourable impression in a character so entirely familiar to all theatre-goers, and we are gratified in being able to say that the young and beautiful *debutante* achieved the highest hopes of her friends, and far surpassed our expectations. Her conception of the character appeared original, and her personation throughout, came fresh from the impulses of her mind. Her style of rendering passages which are usually characterized by a lofty self-possession and high moral courage, was subdued to a degree of tenderness and pathos, that went direct to the heart, and made a strong impression on the house. Having seen this young lady in but one character, we shall refrain from further remarks on her capabilities for the profession she has adopted, until we have had the pleasure of seeing her in others.

Hill,—that embodiment of all that characterizes the vulgar yankee—the real head and front of a clam-selling down-easter,—relieves the oppression of feeling created by a moving tragedy, by those inimitable personations which have acquired for him a high reputation both at home and abroad.

In a word, the *new* National is in full career, and we trust will solace the sufferers for their heavy losses by the patronage which the entertainments are so well calculated to command.

HENRY GRATTAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

The descendants of a great man owe it to their births and their country to tell the world all that can be wisely known of him who has illustrated their name and his age. The history of the last fifty years of Ireland bears upon every page of it, the name of the subject of this memoir. Whether for ultimate good or evil, Henry Grattan was always prominent in the affairs of his country,—and that country one of the most hasty, violent, and capricious on the earth. The singular moral condition in which Ireland has found herself placed, by her at once possessing the highest rights of political freedom, and being subjected to the severest religious slavery, alone can account for her perpetual political disturbance. She is the only country of Europe in which complete freedom and complete superstition subsist side by side. She accordingly affords the most extraordinary display of the phenomena of those conflicting elements. The collision of hot and cold, moist and dry, which disturbs the tropics, is only an emblem of her political atmosphere. She is in a political monsoon. If freedom in other lands brings out their rankness along with the fertility of the soil, or if superstition makes some imperfect atonement for the stagnation of the people in the silence of religious discord; in Ireland even those feeble palliatives are not to be found. The slave of the priest is the revoler against the laws; the unquestioning subject of Rome is the intractable rebel to England; the man whose whole life is a series of prostrations to the Popish altar, never looks but with towering defiance and arrogant hostility towards the British throne.

The causes which produced this eminently disastrous state of things, are best to be sought in the conduct of the chief men of the country: and of those Grattan was, beyond all competition, the chief himself. The "Irish Constitution" was wholly his work. It had subordinate labourers, some of remarkable vigour, and some of striking ability; some of remarkable dishonesty, and some, we shall not doubt, of unimpeachable virtue. But Grattan was the architect. It is true, that his model was as unwisely chosen, as his fabric was slightly built—that instead of a temple he built a theatre—and that, giving way to the fantastic fashion of his time, instead of preparing the people for the calm and decorous worship of liberty, he crowded them into his theatre to witness his mingled melodrama, where tragedy and farce confused each other, until the spectators themselves grew weary; the manlier retired, the weak, the wild, and the intoxicated only remained, until the alarm of the empire was awakened by the furious follies of the scene; and, to prevent the name of the constitution from being used as the pretext for a den of Papists and rebels, the doors were shut, and the fabric was left to fall by its natural decay.

The memory of Henry Grattan holds the highest place in the recollections of Ireland. No man before or after him has eclipsed it—no man has ever been able to disturb it. The popularity of Irish leaders since his day has been built on foundations which *must* give way; public intrigue supporting scanty honesty—desperate appeals to popular ignorance, supporting tainted character—the brawling affectation of patriotism, supporting notorious selfishness—guilty temptation to peasant violence, supporting the pretences of a peacemaker. Such claims must be seen through, and from that moment they must be rejected. Their monuments of such men are not merely built of sand, but they are built on the sea-shore. The natural progress of opinion sweeps them away. The monument of men like Grattan is the watch-tower, to be washed perhaps by the tide, but to stand: in the season of serenity a noble memorial of the industry and power of the past—in the tempest, the object to which the eyes of the

steersman of the state are naturally turned, to discover the true bearings of their course, and assure them of safety.

But in this tribute to the talents of Grattan, we must protest against giving any share to his politics. In fact, one of the most important lessons to be learned from this book, by men who are yet to emulate his ability, would be to avoid his footsteps. The unhappy accident of early association involved him in Whigism. The public circumstances of Ireland held him in the chain, until nearly the close of his life. Grattan was forced to drag the manacles of a partisan at the wheels of a faction; while he had inherited faculties from nature to have mounted a triumphal chariot of his own, and led his country rejoicing after him up the steep of peace and honour.

Nor must we include in the tribute any portion of the authorship before us. Mr. Henry Grattan, the son of a distinguished father, has only shown how fatal a possession may be the frailties of a man of talent, without the talent which relieved them of public ridicule, or the prudence which could fling them off in times requiring public and personal manliness. The fantastic antipathy to England, the love of imaginary grievance, and even the coxcomby of the parental style, having been transmitted to the descendant with the most scrupulous exactness. In the father, those follies were forgotten in the first moment when his real strength was to be put forth. They were the mere creations of his idle hours—the weeds that gathered round the trunk of the tree, but were swept off at the first blast of the storm. With the son, they have climbed and covered the whole tree; and will climb, till they have brought it to the ground; he is all over one parasite plant. Every sentence which his pen drops, blisters the paper with bitterness against England. An Irish member of Parliament, expressly brought in by the priests, he complains against the slavery of the Irish Papist; indulging in the utmost extravagance of speech, he tears his locks over the fettered freedom of Hibernian elocution; and, contemptuously aspersing all the political opponents of Popery and O'Connellism in England, he pronounces all the anathemas of an inflated fancy and a reckless tongue, against the English injustice of charging faction with the disturbances of Ireland.

Of his style we have no desire to say any thing. In the narrative of great men and things, style is scarcely important. But the style adopted by a great man, is a melancholy instrument in the hands of the smaller generation. The lion's hide that hangs with such ease on the shoulders of Hercules, suffocates the attendant dwarf. The truth is, that the genuine great man has no permanent style. Whatever affectations may have grown on him, they are matters which are altogether extraneous to his mind. They disappear at the first moment when the interest of his topic awakes his powers. The lounging attitude, or the mincing step, are forgotten when he once treads on the field. The first impulse of a struggle worthy of himself, brings out all his native proportions—the muscles are shown, and the coxcomb is lost in the champion. Grattan's chief fault was a style disfigured by antithesis; but this fault almost wholly disappeared when he became one fully warmed with his subject. They were but the clouds which gathered over his eloquence in the hour of listlessness and tranquillity; but when the storm was up, they were drifted away before its breath. In his argument he is often difficult and obscure; but in his passion never. There all is plain; he speaks with a force equal to his feeling, and the fruit of his feeling. He is never more successful than when he thus abandons his mind and his cause to the ardour of his impressions; to this his chief triumphs were due in Parliament; he never showed greater genius, more of that unequivocal sense of mastery within, which constitutes the orator, than when, letting his ship drive under bare poles, he steered her before the wind, and when all guidance seemed helpless, still exerted that fine science which brought her into harbour. The extraordinary questions which he carried in the Irish Legislature, are an evidence of the not less extraordinary ardour with which his passion furnished him, and which still, even in the wrecks and remnants of Irish legislative history, remain specimens of the intense fire with which he less forged, than fused, the popular mind into the wildest shapes of his own will. However rugged, discordant, and intractable he found the materials of party and the people, he subdued them, he urged them into one mass, he vitrified them. We now regard those measures with astonishment, alike at their rashness and the frenzied unanimity with which they were adopted; for Grattan's policy was as precipitate as his eloquence was powerful. It is to the errors of this singular man that a large share of the Irish disabilities for all rational government, and all pure religion are owing, even to this hour, when they seem thickening more inveterately than ever. But let justice be done to the memory of genius. If he was a mistaken prophet, he was not a willing deceiver.

His imperfect science betrayed him into false calculations of those signs of earth and heaven which regulate the changes of empires. He was the political astrologer, fantastic in his mystery, but a believer in his own reading of the stars. The oracle was fallacious, but it was not fraudulent; it was wholly the reverse of that system of determined deception and imposture for pay, which characterises the oracles of Ireland in later times. The charlatans who now mount the tripod, are alike gross and evil, disgusting in their aspect, and dangerous in their announcements. We turn from them with disdain to the sincere dreams and lofty credulity of the enthusiast who once held the seat of the fancied inspiration, and whose language, erroneous though it be, still gives us images of unbordered beauty, and the majestic rapture of a brilliant, though a wayward mind.

But we must wholly remonstrate against the views which these volumes give of every individual whose public opinions happen to fail of exact coincidence with those of the author. Outrageous in demanding his right to be heard, he insists on the silence of every other claim. Clamorous for the best construction of his own dubious motives, he denies that any man in possession of his senses can be other than a knave, unless he should happen to be a Whig; and plunge in faction to a depth which has palpably buried him from the light of common reason, and the benefit of common knowledge, he deals with history as if it were a Papist witness, put in their jury-box to prove *against* the fact. His character of George the Third, for example, is a continued extravagance: determined to be malig

nant, without the skill to be severe, he pours out upon the name of this best of men and monarchs, an expectation of vulgar wrath, which naturally falls back upon his own visage. The simple character of the king is stamped with a succession of brands, each effacing the other. With a more than womanish spirit of defamation, he alternately rails at the deceased monarch as a monster, and a mime; as something too fearful to approach, and too trifling to be worth punishment; as a Machiavel on the throne, and a simpleton every where: as a sullen hypocrite and a senseless devotee; as the cause of all the national evils from the commencement of his reign, and as having no influence whatever beyond the range of his family and his sycophants; a cipher in the national sum,—a toy to be played with by the shuttlecocks of ministers—a nonentity among mankind. To quote one sentence on this topic is, we are persuaded, as much as any reader of these pages will endure—"The empire was lost when the King was in possession of his senses, it was recovered only when he was deprived of them."

This is the summary way of accounting for the Peninsular glories, and the conquest of the universal enemy.

Henry Grattan was born in Dublin, on the 3d of July 1746. His father was a barrister, for many years Recorder of Dublin, and member of Parliament for the city from 1761 until 1766, when he died. It was his ill luck to have for his colleague in Parliament Dr. Lucas, an individual who, having failed in his profession of medicine, adopted the more thriving one of demagogue, acted as the disturber of the public peace for some years, was a prodigious discoverer of grievances, and after wasting his life, and impoverishing his family, died, bequeathing to the nation a demand for the payment of his debts, and the pensioning of his descendants. As the Doctor was wholly ignorant of law, and his colleague, the Recorder, was a sound lawyer, they quarrelled of course upon every possible subject. Lucas appealed to the mob, and of course had them on his side, the Recorder appealed to common law and common sense, which in those times had no one on their side. The lawyer was of course universally worsted, and, as the narrative says, suffered this paltry contest to embitter, if not to shorten his days. If this be true, the lawyer was as great a fool as the demagogue. An ancestor of Grattan had been a senior fellow of the Dublin College. His son, Grattan's grandfather, a country gentleman, resided near Quilea, Dr. Sheridan's house, which has been made so familiar to us from the life of Swift. It was by this neighbourhood that Swift became acquainted with the five brothers, who seem to have been considerable favourites even with the tetchiness of the celebrated Dean Swift.

When a boy, Grattan gave a proof of his early spirit, by refusing to remain at a school where he had been insulted by the master. The pedant, not content with disapproving of his translation of a passage in Ovid, ordered him to kneel in presence of the boys, and desired the footman to call him "an idle boy." The footman had decency enough to decline the office, and little Harry Grattan, insisting on being subjected to the chance of such indignities no longer, left the school.

In 1763 he entered Dublin College, where he became acquainted with Foster, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and Fitz-Gibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor. Politics raged in Ireland at this period, and perverted all the inconsiderate, all the ambitious, and all the poor, thus leaving the common sense and common principle of the country in a hopeless minority. Grattan, in the giddiness and ignorance of youth, a Whig, quarrelled with his father, whose better knowledge, and more mature experience, had made him a Tory, and the quarrel went so far that the family mansion was willed to another. This act seems to have weighed heavily on the son, and to have produced a good deal of the melancholy tone which characterises his early letters. In one of those letters to an intimate friend, he writes in this strain—"If you want my company, I am sure I want yours. A fluctuation of sentiment, a listless indolence, and the gloomy reflections that arise from it, make the chaos of my mind. But of this no more. A man who is not happy finds his principal comfort in painting his own disquietude."

Those were the feelings of a philosopher of one-and-twenty; but we soon find them still more strongly excited by the still more painful reality. His father died; and, as it appears, without sufficient reconciliation.

At this time he wrote verses, but whatever might be his poetic diligence, he was never destined to exhibit poetic power. It is a remarkable circumstance, that congenial as oratory and poetry seem to be, no one name on record has been eminent in both, from the days of Cicero to our own; both requiring the same ardour of imagination, copiousness of language, and knowledge of man and nature. A great gulf has lain between, which, like the valleys of the Andes, whose edges seem to touch, yet whose depths are beyond the light of the sun, seems to have been within reach of the easiest transit, yet it is all but impassable. But Grattan was evidently aware that if fame was to be achieved by him, it was not through the favour of the nine. He writes to his friend, who had asked him for some poetry, "the compositions you demand of me, are incorrect and illegible. My muse is at best but a slattern, and stumbles frequently in her passages. She visits me but seldom, and her productions are rather the efforts of her mind, than the nature of it. When her works are polished and rendered legible, they shall be sent to you."

The political history of Ireland, if written without either perversion or partiality, would be a document next in value to a true history of the Revolution of France. If the latter showed the violences of the mob, the former demonstrated the basenesses of party. If the Revolution found its emblem in the tiger, that, once tasting of human blood, refused all other food, Irish party found its natural similitude in the monkey, at once burlesque and mischievous, gluttonous of all that it could get, and destroying all that it could not devour—ridiculous to look at, yet hazardous to play with; at once teasing and treacherous, dangerous and disgusting.

The first attempt of the new-born patriotism of Ireland, was to shorten the duration of Parliament. Nothing could be more plausible; for the dislocation, into which all the affairs of the realm had been thrown by the civil war, had made the length of the Parliaments wholly undefined. In

practice they were supposed to last during the life of the king; but, meeting only after long prolongations, (from 1666 they did not assemble for nearly thirty years,) thus virtually ceasing to exist, and, when they re-assembled, existing only for routine, the country was governed, as it is now, by the Parliament of England. On the accession of George III., a bill for limiting the duration of Parliaments for seven years was brought in by Dr. Lucas, the agitator, of whom mention has been already made. After various disappointments, the bill, only altered from septennial to octennial, was, in 1708, passed into a law. On this point the agitator certainly had the game in his own hands; for, if Parliament were to exist at all, it ought to be sent back to the country at intervals which would compel it to look to character; the true question, however, being, whether a Parliament offer the fittest means to govern a country at once small and turbulent, and whose leading classes are as ready to be corrupt, as its populace to be intractable.

The author regards this bustling personage as the founder of Irish liberty. With such an architect, we cannot wonder at the extravagance of the fabric, or the speed of its downfall. He tells us that Lucas was another Swift, but without his talents. In Lucas this spirit of attack "seemed a sort of inspiration, for nothing was too high or too low for his resentment, or his ambition. He assailed every thing and every body, from the monarch who swayed the sceptre, down to the mayor who held the mace. He deemed their offences great, and his language was strong in proportion. He made political abuse a sort of trade, and made business by it, and popularity."

This is certainly neither an amiable character nor a respectable one; but it is the natural character of an agitator, and might be the motto for the history of the living species. Of course this career, a hundred years ago, could not have been run with perfect ease; as there were no Papists in Parliament, the agitator was forced to rely upon himself and the rabble. He found a Ministry strong enough to stand by itself, and, being unable either to menace it by the desertion of a faction, or overthrow it by the arts of a public conspiracy, Lucas was declared by the grand juries of Dublin to be a libel er, promoting insurrection, and "justifying the bloody rebellion raised in Ireland."

They ordered his writings to be burned by the common hangman. The Attorney-General filed an information against him; the House of Commons voted him an enemy to his country, and ordered his arrest; the Lord-Lieutenant issued a proclamation for his apprehension: finally the corporation disfranchised him. All this storm of hostility had no effect on Lucas—it was the very thing for a demagogue. He ran away for a while, to show that he was persecuted; but his fears of Government could not be very strong, when he went no further than London. Even there, however, he claimed the privileges of martyrdom; for he dates from Westminster as "the present place of my pilgrimage." He naturally found England a more agreeable place of residence than Ireland, with all its discontents and disturbances gathering round his old age, and there he remained for ten years; but the dissolution of Parliament, which took place on the death of George the Second, was an ill omen to Lucas. His restless spirit was fired again by the hope of political bustle. The outlawry had been now taken off, and he was chosen one of the members for Dublin. A seat in Parliament is always the most injudicious object of a vulgar demagogue—it has stripped more asses of the lion's hide than any other contrivance on record. The vulgar brawling which answers the purpose of the streets, raises the contempt of the House; the ignorance which satisfies the populace, is disgusting to the better classes; the monotonous cry of grievances, which forms the staple of the street scribbler, falls upon the ear of the House; and the brutish demagogue, who has nothing to support him but his brawling, is no sooner heard than he is put down, and no sooner put down than he is forgotten. Parliament was the extinguisher which put out the vulgar lights of Hunt and Cobbett. The little reputation which they had made for themselves by brawling in taverns, and scribbling virulence in pamphlets, perished as soon as the House of Commons saw of what contemptible elements they were made. Their first speeches exhausted all their topics; and when they were once precluded from Billingsgate, they lost the only source of their eloquence. As they could give no knowledge to the House, the House would give them no attention; and they sank into the obscurity from which they had risen, and for which their mediocrity of mind and baseness of nature were made. The fate of Lucas was similar. Sinking into utter obscurity in Parliament, and forgotten by the people, his death alone revived his memory. Faction made a pretext of his funeral to awake rabble passions; and the leaders of the party which had neglected him, attempted to retrieve their neglect by panegyrising him as a patriot when he was no more.

In 1767, Grattan came to London, and entered himself as a student in the Middle Temple. This practice, the author, in his usual strain, pronounces "one of the badges of servitude worn by the people of Ireland!" He admits in the next truth, that it "takes the young mind from a narrow and prejudiced locality, and tends to make it expand in a freer region." This, we should suppose, an object of some importance to a profession which has peculiarly to deal with human liberties. But the author is never happy but when he can persuade himself that he lives in a dungeon, and is surrounded by a population of turnkeys. At all events, the badge of slavery is not a very heavy one, for it may be worn or not as the "slave" thinks fit—no Irish student being now under any necessity of coming to the English Inns of Court; the advantage of this coming, however, being so decided, that every Irish student who can afford it enters his name, and thereby secures the privilege of being called to the English bar, if he should subsequently so desire, and the higher advantage of the best legal education which the empire can offer.

Grattan had evidently designed himself, from the beginning, for a parliamentary career. He seems to have given but slight attention at any time to the study of the law, but to have spent his evenings chiefly in listening to the debates in Parliament. He was fortunate in his period. Lord Chatham was then in his full vigour, pouring out that impassioned oratory which constituted an era in the senate. In the intervals of those studies, he seemed to have kept up a considerable correspondence with his

friends. We wish that more of these letters could have been procured. They are often fantastic, but they are always written with elegance, and sometimes with feeling. Some of his theories were speedily contradicted by his practice. He thus speaks of matrimony, in a letter to his friend Broome: "Our friend Macawley seems happy in the connubial state. He speaks as a man attached and contented; and, like a missionary of Hymen, he preaches his dominion to all. I am too well acquainted with my own inequalities, as well as too poor to receive the yoke. You and I, in this, as in most other things, perfectly agree. We imagine woman too frail a bark for so long and so tempestuous a voyage as that of life." But this was the reasoning of a philosopher of one-and-twenty. In a few years after, when he grew wiser, he ventured on this perilous state. He married a woman of beauty and character, and continued, we believe, an attached husband and fond father to the end of his days. The loss of one of his sisters, for whom he had a strong affection, drove him for a while from London to solitude. He took shelter in the shade of Windsor Forest. Politics, which in London had been his study, were his solace. His oratorical labours were so constant, that at one of the places where he resided with his friend Day, afterwards an Irish judge, the landlady imagined that he was deranged; and she complained that "the gentleman used to walk up and down in the garden the greater part of the night, talking to himself, and, though alone, constantly addressing one Mr. Speaker; that it was not possible he could be in his senses, and she therefore begged that his friends might take him away; and that, if they did, she would forgive him all the rent that was due!"

We have a letter from Judge Day, as late as 1838, mentioning some particulars of this period. Among other matters, he mentions—"We lived in the same chambers of the Middle Temple, and took a house in Windsor Forest, commanding a beautiful prospect." He delighted in romantic scenery. Between both, we lived together three or four years, the happiest period of my life. When we resided in Windsor Forest, he would spend whole moonlight nights rambling and losing himself in the thickest plantations; he would sometimes pause and address a tree in soliloquy, thus early preparing himself for that assembly which he was destined to adorn." He then states the commencement of his knowledge of that Dr. Patrick Duiguenan, with whom his after life was one long political quarrel. Duiguenan was a man of rough manners, but of strong understanding and extensive knowledge. Having obtained a fellowship in the Dublin University, he practised in the ecclesiastical courts, where he ultimately became a judge. Though he married a Roman Catholic, and in respect for the feelings of his wife frequently admitted Roman Catholic priests to his table, in public life he exhibited the most determined resistance to the encroachments of Rome. His learning made him a peculiarly formidable opponent; and the brilliant tropes and pathetic appeals of the advocates of emancipation, were terribly trampled down by his knowledge of Romish councils and decrees. To the last, he opposed reason to eloquence, and learning to delusion. His arguments were unanswerable, and therefore attributed to prejudice; his learning was solid, and therefore passed by as obsolete. He had the merit of resisting, when all others gave way; of sustaining the truth, when it was the fashion to panegyrize falsehood; and of warning his country against the dangers of emancipation, when the whole mob of philosophers and politicians, the aspirants for place, and the seekers after popularity, were clamouring for it as the panacea for the "expiring Constitution." The name of Duiguenan was, of course, a mark for religious and political obloquy. But it was where the religion was superstition, and the politics were Jacobinism. No man in his own time was able to disprove his arguments, as, unhappily, no man in ours can doubt the sagacity of his predictions. He was a clear-headed, accomplished, and vigorous scholar, a sound lawyer, and a rational patriot. He died, with the regrets of many good, many learned, and many wise men; and his memory deserves all the honour which ought to be given to powerful championship in the righteous cause.

A note to Judge Day's letter mentions a circumstance which he supposes to have been the origin of the continued hostility between Grattan and Duiguenan. It was at the Temple that they first met. He introduced them to each other, and Duiguenan, intending to please Grattan, uttered a furious philippic against Dr. Lucas, knowing that his father the recorder had been his opponent. But Grattan defended Lucas, and thought that he had been hardly treated by the Irish Government. The conversation grew warm—they further differed on those important topics, the prerogative and the people; Grattan replied, and Day was "afraid that he would have attacked Duiguenan." However, they parted, and in the evening Grattan came to the Grecian Coffeehouse, where they used to meet, with a long sword at his side. Duiguenan did not make his appearance, but he wrote a poem criticising Grattan's figure with his long sword. It was comical; Day showed it to Grattan, who was amused by the humorous turn, and so the affair ended.

"Perhaps," says the latter, "it was owing to this trifling incident that the animosity was engendered, which afterwards displayed itself throughout Duiguenan's character and conduct."

But this unsubstantial motive was wholly inconsistent with the characters of both. They had a more sufficient reason;—strong diversity of opinion, both political and religious—opposite views on the most important subjects of life and government.

Grattan had early formed his antipathy to the powers that be. In 1768, he thus exults over the Irish Parliament: "I am glad that sink of prostitution, the Irish Parliament, is to be drained octennially. This will control it, if it cannot amend, and may improve what is in the last stage of putrefaction, and cannot change without being bettered." He then turns his wrath upon both Ireland and England with the same bitterness of rebuke, and the same pointed vigour which constituted the language of his Parliamentary life.

"The old court party, that have been corrupt expedienters for so many ages, honour the cause they forsake, and, like the black train of physic, inform the neighbourhood of their patient's health by their departure. The same bartering, the same venality which you mention as commencing in Ireland, reigns in England with avowed dominion." The instance which he gives of the Corporation of Oxford, is curiously put.

"This corporation," says Grattan, "had sold its representation. Being brought before the House of Commons, it made no defence, and, being committed to jail, it sent a declaration of penitence, concluding, however, at the same time, the sale it was punished for attempting. This is astonishing; but that no further penalty is inflicted on this bold prostituted body is more so."

His fondness for the picturesque is conspicuous in his early letters. Of the country around Sunning Hill, he says, in another letter—"The country I am in is most beautiful. There is an antiquity and wildness in the woodlands here, infinitely surpassing what I have met with—whole tracts of country covered with nature, without the least interval of art. These are the forests of which Pope has sung with so much elegance, and which has been a sanctuary as well as a theme to the masters of poetry."

In another letter to his friend Broome, he mentions his having been present at a memorable Parliamentary debate, and gives a slight sketch of the principal speakers. The intent and tendency of the motion was to obtain from Parliament a promise of support for Lord North.

Lord North, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man versed in state mystery and little versed in finances, spoke in defence of the Court, in a manner impetuous, not rapid; full of cant, not melody; deserved the eulogium of a fervent speaker, not a great one. Grenville, on the part of the Opposition, was peevish and wrangling, and provoked those whom he could not defeat. Burke, the *only orator* I have yet heard in the House of Commons (and the character arises from his matter, *not* his delivery,) was impetuous, oratorical, and undaunted; he treated the Ministry with high contempt, and displayed with most animated derision their schemes and purposes."

In this year Grattan lost his mother. Her death overwhelmed him with sorrow. We quote some of his expressions, for the benefit of those who think that genius is something too lofty to stoop to the domestic affections. Grattan was certainly not of the present school of magnificent misanthropy, which makes elevation of mind consist in contempt for all labours but those of shaking states or trampling on public morals—an elevation not unlike that of men who ascend mountains, and at once leave human nature below, and place themselves in chillness, barrenness, and solitude. Possessing the most remarkable talents, and talents especially for public life, no man seems to have felt more fondly for his family. His language on the death of his father, who had used him with unfatherly harshness, is far from any unfilial retribution. His language on that of his mother, who, by an indolence, or an oversight equally cruel in its consequences, had died without a will, thus allowing a landed property, which she had intended for her son, to go out of the family, is ardently affectionate. Thus actually disinherited by the peevishness of one parent, and virtually disinherited by the carelessness of another, he appears never to have revenged his undoubted wrongs on the memory of either. Of his mother he writes in some memoranda, which seem to have been composed to give vent to the outpourings of his mind. "You were the only woman in the world who loved me; the love you bore me, the thousand kindnesses I have received from you, your tenderness, your anxiety, your liberality, your maternal concern for me, are a most affecting and wounding consideration. To remember these obligations with the gratitude they deserve, makes your death insupportable. Your good sense, your meekness in misfortune, your fortitude in suffering, the judicious love you distributed among your children, your generous negligence of yourself, place you among the first of women. A thousand amiable instances of your virtues, a thousand mutual obligations that interwove our affections, crowd on me, and afflict me. Your incomparable qualities torment me now, though I was formerly proud to recollect them. Heaven forbid that you should only live in the memory of those who knew your virtues, and that such merit should have no reward but the tears and admiration of those that survive you!"

From the commencement of his life at the Temple, Grattan had evidently intended to adopt the career of politics. He was dazzled by Lord Chatham's celebrity, and thought all beneath Parliament contemptible. But he found either his original direction, or his principal excitement, in a speech made by a minister against the doctrines which he so strenuously made his own. George Grenville was the minister who first proposed American taxation; nothing could be more natural than such a proposal. The American establishments were paid out of the English revenue—what could be more just than that America should pay for them, if she could?—yet it was against this demand that she rebelled. Grattan says, "When I first went to London to the Temple, the first person I heard speak was George Grenville. He talked of American taxation, and of the indisputable law of the realm, which gave that right, and he extended this to Ireland. It made a great impression on me, and I felt very much at the time. I recollect taking great pains to answer him. I wrote a reply, which I thought was very good, and with much care; but it touched every point except the question—it stood clear of that. However, this had a great effect upon me, and was of much service. It impressed upon my mind a horror of this doctrine; and I believe it was owing to this speech of George Grenville's, that I became afterwards so very active in my opposition to the principles of British government in Ireland."

Through his uncle Colonel Marlay, he was introduced to William General Hamilton, Secretary to Lord Halifax, and Lord-Lieutenant in 1761. This was single-speech Hamilton, whom Walpole thus described, in his amusing and graphic style, in 1755.

"Young Mr. Hamilton," says Walpole, who was present, "opened for the first time in behalf of the treaties, and was at once perfection. His speech was set, and full of antitheses, but those antitheses were full of argument; and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease. His figure is advantageous, his voice strong and clear, his manner spirited, and the whole with the ease of an established speaker. You will ask what could be beyond this? Nothing, but what was beyond whatever was, and that was Pitt!"

Grattan's mind in early life, exhibits the most wayward sensibility. He writes to his friend, in excuse for some interruption of their correspondence: "Forgive my tardiness, and pity the indisposition of my mind, instead of reproving my delay. The breast, the slave of a thousand dis-

cordant passions; now intoxicated with company, now saddening in solitude; sometimes disturbed with hope, sometimes depressed with despair, and equally ravaged with each; disgusted often, and often precipitately enamoured—all this makes me poor in my own esteem, and seem unkind in yours.

"I live in the Temple, and have taken convenient chambers, that promote study. If ever we meet, we shall talk of these times with more happiness than we have passed through them."

He at last arrived in Ireland, where he had determined to fix himself, and to strike a bold stroke for that renown which he conceived was to be found only in political life. In 1770, he writes to his friend Day: "Ireland has been the scene of action the foregoing part of this winter. There has been no winter in which party has more fluctuated. At one time the independent men, as they call themselves, inclining to Government, and threatening to defeat the Speaker; at another time supporting the Speaker, and casting the balance against Government. Lord Townshend was rather despised than hated till this late measure."

"I shall soon be in England: I am tired of Dublin, with all its hospitality, and all its claret. Upon our arrival, it seemed a town hung in mourning, swarming with poverty and idleness. We feel relaxation growing upon us as soon as we arrive, and we catch the epidemic sloth of the luxurious capital."

With all his passion for Ireland, he was still strongly attached to England.

In another letter he says,—"I am impatient to return to England: the splendour and the enrapturing scenes of London begin to wanton in my imagination. I have here reputable friends, and am myself not totally without credit: and yet, such is the perverseness of our nature, I am impatient to become an obscure character in another country."

Among the rest of his acquaintances was Boyd, who was so frequently suspected of being Junius. In later years, an application was made to Grattan to know his opinion on the subject. Being unable to write, Mrs. Grattan, at his dictation, replied as follows:—

"SIR,—Mr. Grattan, not being able to write, desires me to answer the letter you did him the honour to send. He does not recollect any fact which, at the time or since, inclined him to think that Mr. Boyd was the author of 'Junius,' or connected with that publication. Were Mr. Boyd 'Junius,' it is wholly without Mr. Grattan's knowledge. His understanding was very considerable, his memory astonishing, and his literary powers very great; but whether he thought proper to give them the style and cast of Junius's composition, is what Mr. Grattan cannot possibly undertake to say. He wishes every success to Mrs. C.'s work, as it is the account of a person (whether Junius or not) whose life and talents were an ornament to letters, and his death an irretrievable loss."

A subsequent application was made to Grattan himself, in 1805, to know whether he was not the author, which he thus answered:—

"SIR,—I can frankly assure you I know nothing of 'Junius,' except that I am not the author. When Junius began, I was a boy, and knew nothing of politics, or the persons concerned in them. I am, sir, not Junius, but your good wisher and obedient servant,

"HENRY GRATTAN."

Of the often-contested question of the authorship of *Junius*, the writer of the present volumes says, that Flood, who had been suspected, could not have been the author, if it were only for the simple circumstance, that a letter of Sir William Draper, dated the 17th of February, 1769, was answered by Junius on the 21st, Flood being at that time in Ireland, and it not being possible for him to have written a reply, and published it in London within the space of four days. Grattan's own opinion was, that the letters were of the Burke school, and that Burke was the prime mover if not the writer. He said; "There is nothing in the passage of Burke, where he alludes to Junius, on the subject of ex-officio information that might not have been spoken by a person who had written Junius. I know that Boyd heard Burke make that very speech that night, and Boyd told me there was nothing he said then that would make him believe he had not written Junius. On the contrary, I incline to think, from the manner he spoke, that he did write it. Gerard Hamilton also said to me—'If I was to die to-morrow unless I could tell who wrote Junius, I would lay my head quietly on the pillow to-night—it was Burke.'"

Still these are but conjectures—no evidence was offered then, nor has been offered since. In those days, Burke's brilliancy dazzled every one, and his fine powers were supposed to give him the mastery of every style; but we are probably now better capable of ascertaining those powers than in his own day. We have all his works before us, affording a different standard from that of a few fine speeches heard in the House, or turned into occasional pamphlets. With the volumes of Burke and the letters of Junius placed side by side, the difference of the style is fundamental. The claims of Sir Philip Francis have been, within these few years, strongly urged; but he never urged them himself; he never acknowledged the letters; and, at an interval of fifty years, we can imagine no reason, of either fear or loyalty, which could have indisposed the temperament of Francis to decline so strong a title to political or literary fame. Few other candidates have appeared; none of them made good their title. The secret was said to be in an iron chest in Lord Grenville's custody; his lordship has since died, and we presume all his chests have been opened, but the secret has not made its appearance. However little it may be worth, it is certainly the best kept secret on record.

In the midst of political tumult, the native propensity for enjoyment exhibited itself in Ireland. Private theatricals were the fashion; the principal nobility opened their houses to these entertainments, and the chief Parliamentary personages were the performers. The celebrated Flood, the first man in the Irish Parliament, was a capital tragedian. Grattan wrote prologues; and the handsomest belles of the day performed queens and chambermaids. In one of his letters Grattan mentions, with regret, his having lost the sight of "Tamerlane," in which one of the Irish "graces," the daughter of Sir William Montgomery played. He speaks of it as "a most magnificent spectacle." Those three ladies were remarkable for wit and beauty. One of them was married to the viceroy, the other to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards to the Duke of Argyll; and yet

thus doubly a duchess, she died at the age of twenty-seven. Their beauty was astonishing, or at least its effects were so. Walpole says, that on the marriage of the Dutchess of Hamilton, crowds flocked to see her, and that seven hundred persons sat up all night round the inn in Yorkshire where she slept, that they might see her as she went into her carriage in the morning. The Duke was so anxious to have the ceremony performed, that he would not wait till day, but was married with a ring of the bed curtain, at half-past twelve at night, in May Fair Chapel. The Countess of Coventry made herself memorable by the *naïveté* of her remark to George the Second. His Majesty asked her whether she liked masquerades? Her answer was, "That she did not; that she was tired of sights; and that the only one she wished to see was a coronation."

But this remark, which in any instance would have been the most terrible of blunders, passed off with the beauty and the wit as the most piquant of all pleasantries.

In the mean time, politics were in full glow in England. Wilke's affairs had embroiled the King with the Minister, the Minister with the Parliament, and the Parliament with the nation. The annals of popular government, fertile as they are in folly, never exhibited in a stronger light the scandalous ease with which popularity may be obtained, common sense defied, and the national interests hazarded, where the appeal is made to the mob. Wilkes was a notorious profligate in every condition of life—in politics as well as in morals; despising the populace, he flattered them into insurrection; hating the Opposition, he intrigued with them for power;—scoffing at public delusion, he used it to the last. Still this culprit, for his recklessness amounted to many a crime, failed in obtaining his original object however—he never rose above the rabble. Disappointed in all his hopes of personal ambition, he was glad to creep, at the close of his days, into a city sinecure—to have his jest, his dinner, and his pay, among the aldermen. He was compelled to see the Government which he had insulted still exist in defiance; the King whom he had vilified grow in national esteem as in years: and while he himself sunk into an obscure and degenerate old age, his name degenerated into a national scoff, and his history quoted only as a warning against popular absurdity.

In one of Grattan's letters he mentions having seen some of those signs of the time. "I shall only tell you that on Tuesday night Mr. Wilkes went privately from prison; and that on last night the whole town was illuminated. Every thing was apprehended; but I have heard of nothing that has been done by the populace. There were many houses not illuminated, and they did not suffer. The night was more tranquil than those of his election."

He then speaks of the man who eclipsed all others of his day, and of whom Grattan seems never to have thought without wonder. "Lord Chatham's abilities are restored to their ancient reputation. His violence I hear, is surprising. The Ministry call him *mad*; Opposition call him *super-natural*; and languid men call him *rather outrageous*."

When we recollect the extraordinary public activity which occupied Grattan's whole life from his entrance into Parliament, the eager interest with which he plunged into all the political storms, and the intense toil with which he must have conducted Opposition in the House of Commons for so many years of anxiety and even of personal hazard, we may be astonished at the listlessness and despondency of his mind in the most animated period of human life.

But it is not to be overlooked, that such feelings seem to have belonged to almost every man who has been destined to make a conspicuous figure in the movements of human life. In this spirit Cæsar wept when he saw the statue of Alexander, and disdained himself for having done so little at an age which, in the dead hero, had been sufficient to subvert one empire and found another. In our own time Nelson, before he rose to command, was the most fretful of men. Napoleon, in early life, was miserable;—complained of the miseries of inactivity; and, in the profligate but expressive phraseology of his period, declared, even when at the height of power, that he was like the devil, always wretched unless he was busy;—the good or evil, probably, being no question with this copy of the great agitator of mankind. But those traits are worth preserving, not merely as sketches of mind, but as pointing out to others the true mode of converting despondency into hope, and turning great powers from being the tormentors into the stimulants of the mind.

The unpopular Ministry at this time were kept in existence not by their own strength, but by the feebleness of their adversaries. The "*vis inertia*" alone kept them in their places; "Opposition," says Grattan, "is in a languid and a divided state. Death has not spared it. Mr. Grenville's departure was a tremendous blow: he was an able financier, with a contracted but a shrewd mind; the object of the prejudices and hopes of many a man who had some portion of English principle. He died on the first day of the session. His death was lamented by Barré, who was great that day. His boldness and his fury were engaging, and his military character was sustained with warmth and success."

Grattan, on his arrival in Ireland, instantly connected himself with opposition, who were then violently attacking Lord Townshend's government. A succession of letters in newspapers, was their first display. Among those contributions was "the character of Lord Chatham." On its being shown in MS., Langrishe observed that they should not let that go, (he lost.) "But how shall we introduce it?" said Flood. Langrishe playfully replied—"I'll settle it: we'll put it in a note, as if from Dr. Robertson.—He is going to publish a new edition of his *America*—that is Chatham's subject. So we shall say, we have been favored with this character of the champion of the colonies." The idea amused them; and many persons afterwards looked for the character in Robertson's volumes, and of course were surprised at their disappointment.

Langrishe was a happy specimen of the Irish gentleman of past days.—He was a man of talents cultivated by the habits of association with the best society, and strengthened by public life; a patriot so far as to wish well to the general advancement of the country, but without taking any share in the violences of party. The habit of the time was a pleasantry which softened the asperities of politics; the care of nations not having yet sunk into the hands of the mob, or of the coarse and sullen villains who play the mob into each other's hands, and barter the menaces of the

rabble for power. Some of Langrishe's pleasantries are still remembered. On one occasion, when riding with Lord Townshend through the Phoenix Park (the Hyde Park of Dublin), the viceroy complained of the negligence of his predecessors in leaving this place of public recreation in a swampy state—"Oh," said Langrishe, "they had too much to do in draining the country!"

"Which do you think, Langrishe, the best history of Ireland?" was once asked. The answer was prompt—"the continuation of Rapin" (rapine.)

Townshend was clever, but a rough soldier; vain, but steady to his purpose of controlling Irish party; a man of pleasure, but eager in grasping at every object of distinction. He had exhibited his avidity for honours in a rather too hasty manner in the Canadian war. On the death of the heroic Wolfe, Townshend, impatient to obtain the reputation of the conquest, accepted the surrender of the town. But for this piece of presumption he was obliged to make a written apology to General Monkton, who had succeeded Wolfe, and was superior officer to Townshend. When the latter, on his return to England, attended the levee, George II. turned away from him in marked displeasure. But Charles Townshend, his brother, pushed him on until he got the King to speak to him, which, however, was not accomplished without difficulty.

One of the prominent characters of these volumes, and of his time, was Henry Flood. He is recorded as "the first who introduced oratory into the House of Commons." He was an excellent man for party—ever ready. His knowledge enabled him to attack, and his powers of satire gave him great advantage in reply; quick, sharp, and severe, a good debater—for, even if defeated, he returned undaunted to the charge, and renewed the contest with surpassing perseverance. He was a great master of logic, which, though it sometimes tires, yet in the case of his hearers procured him great admiration; for the University, accustomed to syllogisms, poured forth its numerous and ardent hearers, who conferred upon him the palm of oratory. His spirit, his passion, and his strength of mind, overcame all lesser defects; and when he grew strongly animated, and his temper somewhat ruffled, he bore down all before him. He always improved as he proceeded in the debate, for he had no superior in the art of disputation; so that his second speech was always better than the first, and when he made a third, it was superior to either.

Flood was made for public life. He came into Parliament in the vigor of life, in his thirtieth year, at a period auspicious for commencing a public career—the first year of the reign of George III. Educated for the bar, and thus possessing the true groundwork of Parliamentary knowledge; opulent, for he possessed five thousand a-year, a sum which in Ireland was equivalent to fifteen thousand in this country at the present time; a vigorous student, an accomplished scholar, a keen politician; full of the determination to make himself conspicuous in public life, and adding to those qualities the essential of a political leader in Ireland—the most reckless disregard of personal danger—Flood was formed by nature and by art to be the parliamentary chieftain of his country.

Among the unhappy singularities which has long drawn the line between Ireland and civilisation, duelling was prominent. "Be ready with the pistol" was the precept of an Irish Polonius to his descendant. The result of this barbarian practice was the presumed necessity, on the part of every public man, of "drawing blood." Flood, when in the height of his career, however, was called into the field by a private quarrel. The families of the Agars and Flood had a private feud for some time, arising out of a Parliamentary contest for a borough, the fruitful source of quarrel among the idle patriots of Ireland. The elder Agar had challenged Flood: they fought, and Agar was slightly wounded. But the hostility did not end with the rencontre. Agar soon commenced the quarrel on new grounds—some trifling affair of a case of pistols lost by some of Flood's people some months before. But the narrative of an Irish duel is best given in Irish description. This is a fragment of a letter of Mr. Bushe, Grattan's brother-in-law:—

"I hear that Agar had often asked Flood about his pistols, who had always answered 'that he had them not, and was not accountable for them.' But on Friday they produced a challenge, to my great surprise; for if there were any offence, it was as much an offence any day those ten months as it was on that day. They stood about fourteen yards asunder. Before they fired, Mr. Agar questioned Mr. Flood about the pistols in a threatening and offensive manner. Mr. Flood answered deliberately, 'You know I will not answer you while you ask me in that manner.' Agar refused all conciliation, and was evidently determined to put his antagonist to death; for, after some proposals to fire along the line of a quickset hedge, and then resting the pistol on his arm, both of them prohibited by the etiquette of gentlemanlike murder, they drew lots for the first fire, which Agar got and missed. He then took up his other pistol, and said to Flood, 'Fire, you scoundrel!' Flood then presented his pistol, which he had held all this time with the muzzle turned upwards, and shot Mr. Agar through the heart. The left breast was towards him, Mr. Agar being left-handed. He expired in a few minutes, without speaking any thing articulate. The coroners have found the verdict specially, 'That he came by his death by a pistol-bullet,' without ever mentioning Mr. Flood's name."

Nothing could be more polished than this mode of putting a country gentleman out of the world; and even the delicacy of the coroner, as we see, receives its praise. Yet what is the reality of the case? A man is killed, for no possible reason but that a quarrel, worthy of two children, arises between two men. Law being out of the question, blood-shedding is the well-bred resource; justice having nothing to do in the case, the gentlemen take the decision into their own hands, constitute a law of force, and execute it by an act of murder. The fact in this instance being, that the murder was not for any personal loss, or any injury capable of being felt in property or person, but simply from the determination of Mr. Agar to kill Mr. Flood, as putting him out of the way would be a convenience at the hustings. But murder by an assassin, in the regular Italian style, not being the etiquette in Ireland, the gentleman assassin adopted the only other mode in which the murder might be committed, without risking his own neck in case of being found out. Yet is a murder the less such, because the intended victim is told that he is the mark, or because a

pistol is put into his hand and he is told that he must stand at fourteen paces off to be shot? Whether he shoots his opponent or is shot himself, a human life is destroyed, a family perhaps ruined, society injured, law set at nought—and with what gain? Simply to establish the important fact that Mr. A. can stand to be shot by Mr. B.; and that two fools dare commit murder, whenever it may be to the convenience of one of the belligerents, without regarding the laws of either God or man.

Flood, as his career advanced, began to feel the usual mortifications of public life. He found that eloquence is not always resistless, where reason is on the other side; that, though the populace may applaud the inventor of grievances, the fiction will not always succeed against the actual absence of all oppression; and, by a still more authentic fact, that a people increasing in wealth, security, and freedom, will, from time to time, be found tardy in flinging away their actual advantages, for the sake of putting in place a junta of declaimers, ten times more rapacious, rash, and burdensome, than those whom their clamours have excluded from office. He complained that he could not trust any man, or any party; that when he acted with a party, their views were discovered; and that when he acted with a few, their views also were discovered; when he acted with an individual, his views were betrayed. The great man was evidently coming round. His next maxim was, that the Government was too powerful to be opposed—that the people were too weak to resist—and, finally, that a patriot could serve his country only by place. His conversion was evidently not far off. It soon became practical. The secretary of the Lord-Lieutenant turned his attention on the discontented patriarch. To pull down the head of the Opposition was an object worth some trouble. Flood yielded coyly, but he went the common course of party patriotism after all. After a reluctance of three years, he took a place; and the public were astonished at the formidable announcement that Henry Flood was enlisted under Lord Harcourt's banner as Vice Treasurer of Ireland, with a salary of £3,500 a-year. This change naturally armed all the hundred hands of party against him. He was plunged into an ocean of obloquy. Even office did not make a sufficient recompense for the loss of the popularity on which he had fed so fondly, so foolishly, and so long. He guarded his dignity by a sullen silence which could not retrieve his character. He rather rebuked the Government when he spoke, than assisted it. He had gained by his conversion nothing but money, which he did not want, and lost by it all that he did—the smiles of party and the shouts of the multitude. Such is the natural and the deserved fate of those who begin by going too far. Flood was a demagogue until he became a placeman; he opposed every thing until he became bound to submit to every thing. Formed with great powers to guide the country, he was content to lead a faction; and, conscious that the true direction of public prosperity was in the path of peace, he exerted his fine abilities, his personal influence, and his Parliamentary weight, to urge the country into a practical rebellion against England. He finally made a desperate effort to return to his party. But its throne was vacant no longer. A younger aspirant was already seated there. Grattan had been fixed in popular supremacy by acclamation; and the patriot placeman was left to lament the original want of principle which had led him to embrace popularity for truth—to embitter public passion instead of enlightening public ignorance; and, for the sake of seizing power by the violence of an excited people, inflame them, by the exaggerations and extravagances of popular harangues, into a hatred of the only country which could, or ever can, administer knowledge, tranquillity, or freedom to Ireland.

While Grattan was at the Temple, persuading himself to study law, a persuasion in which he never succeeded, he had opportunities of studying the more congenial statutes of party. Lord North's Ministry, once popular, had fallen into sudden disrepute. Wilkes was the thorn on which the Minister had most inadvertently trod, and which he could never extract. Nothing can be more against all sound policy in a minister, than to involve the Crown in a contest with an individual. The inequality of force itself makes it unpopular at once, and the thousands who hate all authority, instantly take up the quarrel on the plea of manliness; the cause becomes that of the oppressed against the oppressor; and a disturber who ought to have adorned the pillory, is raised on the shoulders of the populace to an equality with his king. Burke expressively termed the whole process—"A tragedy-comedy, acted by his Majesty's servants, at the desire of several persons of quality, for the benefit of Mr. Wilkes, and at the expense of the constitution."

But the subject abounds on us, and we must, for the present, break off here.

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